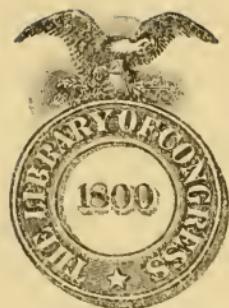


FROM
ARROWHEAD
TO
AIRPLANE





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Book 9

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From Arrowhead to Airplane

AN AMERICAN EPIC OF JOY
AND TRAGEDY



By LOREN STILES MINCKLEY, M. A.

Author of
"Americanization Through Education"

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Iola, Kansas

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To the Youth
of
America
This Poem is Dedicated
by
The Author

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P R E F A C E.

My boyhood days were spent in New York State with my grandfather, who told me of his adventures as a pioneer, and his acquaintance with the Indians. Wherefore, my mind in later years naturally turned back to those scenes.

One day as I was walking up the hill in Sharon Springs, about fifty miles west of Albany, New York, the thought came to me that this must be a wonderful place.

I had for a long time conceived the notion that these scenes would be made more impressive to me if they were described in verse, rendering the study of our land with its hills and dales, nature's great storehouse, an object of inspiration, transforming the dry facts and dates of history into one living fountain of pleasure to the boys and girls of our country.

Upon studying the conditions and historic facts connected with this little glen in eastern New York, I found that it lay in the center of the Revolutionary field where the Iroquois Indians played such an interesting part.

This hamlet was only six miles from Cherry Valley, that historic place that was wiped out by the Indians. And Cherry Valley is only twelve miles from Otsego Lake, where Cooper lived and wrote his famous novels.

Here I saw the cemetery where the forty-eight massacred persons where buried, and the monu-

ment erected to the memory of a Reverend Dunlap, the first teacher west of Albany.

My stay was short in Sharon Springs, but an inspiration was given me here, as I roamed the hills and drank of the magnesian water bubbling from the crevice in the hillside. So it was here that I wrote the first stanza of the poem.

The gathering of the data for the narrative and rendering them in the form of verse has been a constant source of enjoyment. My sincere wish is that the reader might share a little of that pleasure.

LOREN STILES MINCKLEY.

**FROM ARROWHEAD TO
AIRPLANE**

From Arrowhead to Airplane

CANTO FIRST.

THE INDIAN CUSTOMS.

Sharon Springs, where tourists wander,
And o'er mineral waters ponder,
Is a pretty little dell
Where the Indians used to dwell,
And their happy evenings squander.

Long ago at morn they waken,
And when darkness had forsaken,
And the light through maple brush
Had aroused the merry thrush,
Draughts from bubbling spring were
taken.

Quickly, then, as though magnetic,
Vanish feelings apathetic,
And as rain upon the earth
Gives to trees and plants new birth,
So this water makes athletic.

God's pure fountain always gushing,
Deep ravines and gullies flushing,
From the crevice on the slope
Gives to man new life and hope,
Near the water ever rushing.

While the dew is sparkling brightly,
And the grasses moving lightly,
Clothed in only Nature's wraps,
And upon their heads no caps,
Forth they venture in dress sightly.

With their bows and sharpened arrows,
And no fear the minds to harrow,
Through the sunshine and the gale
To the west they take the trail,
With the speed of fleeting sparrows.

And their step is light, elastic,
As they leave the fountain plastic
Of magnesian water clear,
Rippling on toward Mohawk near
In a thousand forms fantastic.

Then they wind around the hedges,
Up and down o'er rocks and sedges,
In among the pines and beech,
Till at last the summit reach
Of Prospectus Mountain ledges.

Here they light some brush and briar,
And the flames roll higher, higher.

They then circle round the heat,
And soon broil their venison sweet,
Crowding toward the embers nigher.

Freedom was their right from Heaven
To enjoy as new light leaven,
As with venison for meat
They sit round the fire and eat
Till the dial points eleven.

Many a huge Archean boulder,
Toward the north on mountains colder,
Home of bison, meets the eye
Of the ones on Prospect high,
As the dying embers smoulder.

From these boulders, far descending,
Is the Mohawk River wending
Down through fertile fields of maize,
In and out in different ways,
While its course is eastward trending.

Here the slowly moving motion
Gives to one a certain notion
That the water is quite deep
Where the banks grow high and steep,
As it flows on toward the ocean.

On each side of Hudson River
Palisades from Mighty Giver
 Rise into the clear blue sky,
 And upon the river nigh
Mirrored picture they deliver.

This great picture, like a treasure,
Was by red man viewed with pleasure,
 As he floated down the stream,
 Having neither sail nor steam,
Gently, gently, at his leisure.

O'er this valley broad and grassy
Roamed the Mohawk Indian lassie ;
 Here she lived and played and grew
 Long before the paleface knew
Of her people strong and massy.

In the forest hunting, trapping,
And from streams the fishes flapping,
 Given by Creator's hand
 To first settlers of the land—
Foresters both strong and strapping.

Nature was their only teacher—
She was then a trusted preacher—
 Of the herbs from glen and hill,
 What would cure and what would kill,
What was good for every creature.

West of Prospect Mountain lying
Was a fountain, never drying,
Called Otsego, Lake of trout,
Fed by many springs about,
Water cool and clear supplying.

Here the Susquehanna, noted
For its banks with beauty coated,
Takes its clear and sparkling source,
And goes merrily on its course,
Where canoes so often floated.

Of Oneida chief is dreaming,
With its perch and pickerel teeming ;
Far to north, a little west,
Say some fifty miles at best,
Lies this lake with surface gleaming.

Here he built a wigwam quickly
From the branches rough and prickly,
And he thatched it o'er with hide
Of the deer that roamed beside,
While the squaw the maize sowed thickly.

When the autumn flowers were dying,
And wild geese toward south were flying,
Darkened clouds crept o'er the sky,
Then all knew a storm was nigh,
For on signs they were relying.

Beavers now had fur much thicker,
Beechnut burs had sharper prickers
 Than they had the former year;
 But to him there comes no fear,
Though the winter should come quicker.

He with wood as dry as cinders,
Enters wigwam, while none hinders,
 Strikes the flint and catches spark
 With the punk on dead wood bark,
Lighting fagots with the tinders.

Chief papoose in frolic hopping,
Keep the corn in ashes popping,
 And the squaw quick roasts the deer,
 While the storm is raging near,
Fiercely, three days never stopping.

But the constant creaking, quaking,
Of the branches swaying, breaking,
 And the moaning, groaning pine,
 Mingled with the panther's whine,
Was sweet music at their waking.

When the wind had ceased its blowing,
And the sun his light was showing,
 Red man leaves the wigwam fire
 On the snowshoes worn by sire,
For the lake with crystals glowing.

Winds three days, like flitting plover,
Cleared the lake of snowy cover,
Filling air with whirling flakes,
From the shore where darksurf breaks,
To the pines where snowbirds hover.

As the morning sun comes nearer,
Sending rays of light still clearer,
Clothed in skin of bear and coon,
Stands the red man at full noon
Looking down into the mirror.

Here he sees himself reflected,
Features, form and all projected,
With his fishing rod as mate,
Deerskin pouch with ready bait,
Nature's art was here perfected.

That bright shore with crystals twirling,
And gray smoke from wigwams curling,
Saw the red man on his right—
Strange new picture, novel sight,
Thrown by sunbeams brightly whirling.

Clad in furs from head to ankle,
With their dogs and fishing tackle,
Coming o'er the drifted snow
Trudge the Indians in a row,
Making shiny snow-crust crackle.

Back of shining snowdrifts lying,
Pines and spruce of varied dyeing,
With their spires of emerald hue,
Pierce the bright and azure blue,
Where the silvery clouds are flying.

Among the branches are the patches,
Circling round and round like matches,
Where the flakes of fleecy snow
Hang to very topmost row,
And the crystals sunbeam catches.

Back of hemlocks in the distance,
Like a bulwark of resistance,
Forests like a heavy pall
Cover hills both large and small,
Densest, grandest, in existence.

Just above this forest ending,
This lake picture thus extending,
Stand the Adirondacks old,
With their summits white and cold,
Far into the dark blue blending.

Through the ice in broken patches,
Many fish the red man catches ;
Perch and pickerel, herring, pike,
Of all sizes, none alike,
From the hole in ice he snatches.

When the sun to west descended,
And the work of day was ended,
 Fish on hickory branch he strung,
 And across his shoulder flung,
Then his way to wigwam wended.

This is a scene of winter splendor,
That Oneida's waters render,
 And through all the forest round
 Whir of arrow, bay of hound,
Echo back to ears of senders.

From Oneida's rocky basin,
Formed and carved by Nature's mason,
 For a dozen miles we take
 Trail to Onondaga Lake,
Toward which many red men hasten.

From this lake by Indians noted,
Two great chiefs, for speed much quoted,
 Quickly walked twelve miles or more
 To the Skaneateles shore,
Where canoes so lightly floated.

From this lake due west they travel
Eight miles to Owasco's gravel.
 From this water in the snow
 To Cayuga on they go,
Eight miles further to unravel.

With his squaw and children pretty
Lived one chieftain, shy and witty,
 Near this lake of water deep,
 Having rough banks high and steep,
Twenty miles without a jetty.

Here the two lone chieftains parted,
And the one to westward started,
 With the North Star at his right
 As a guide through all the night,
Ten miles on he quickly darted.

Paralleling Cayuga's border
Saw he Seneca's in order,
 With a surface clear and bright,
 And a depth far out of sight,
Home of Seneca, marauder.

This far western tribe with rations,
The most powerful of the nations,
 When the ice and snow increased,
 And the hunting all but ceased,
Had its yearly celebrations.

Thanks they gave with demonstration
To Great Spirit, adoration,
 During all the season past,
 And for seven days with fast
They besought Him for their nation.

Long before the feast advances
They prepare a place for dances.

Two dead dogs they elevate,
And with trinkets decorate,
All to suit their many fancies.

Dogs in center then they banter,
While they sing and dance and canter ;
First the squaws in Indian style
All around in single file,
Then the chiefs like noisy ranter.

Mohawks, Senecas, Cayugas,
Dark Oneidas, Onondagas,
Were by English when in quest
Called Five Nations of the West,
Like the Ancients wearing togas.

But the French with soldier boys,
When they came from north with noise,
And beheld the men of yore
Standing in the wigwam door,
Quickly called them Iroquois.

This strong Iroquois nation
Had traditions of relation,
Telling how in past years came
With prosperity and fame
Their forefathers and plantations.

Each tribe had its counsel brother,
And its warriors, sly as others,
To protect from foreign tribe
Wandering up and down with bribe
In the chase with one another.

Here each tribe alone with mettle
Fought with foe its feuds to settle,
While the other tribes stood by
Watching with a steady eye
Foe pierce foe like pricking nettles.

Once a year with animation,
For a general consultation,
To decide the bow to take,
Near the Onondaga Lake
Gather chiefs from o'er the Nation.

With the bare arms far extending,
And from shoulders fur skin trending,
Chieftain speaks in language clear
To the other chieftains near,
On the ground in circle bending.

Here they bind in strong connection,
All the five for their protection,
And into the forest go,
With the arrow and the bow
Here to wait for next direction.

North into the home of otter,
Down Connecticut's clear water,
Over pretty Berkshire hill,
They make vassals at their will,
Asking tribute of red plotter.

Iroquois with bow and arrow,
To the westward by trails narrow,
Took each tribe on every side
To the Mississippi wide,
Where to Gulf their birch skiffs harrow.

Like the hours in which we slumber
Were these warriors as to number,
In the valley, on the hill,
And in bow-and-arrow skill
They surpass all who encumber.

All the other tribes were fearful,
And their tributes all were tearful
To the Iroquois state,
Which was monarch strong and great
Of the forest bright and cheerful.

All this forest vast and stable,
With its beech and walnuts sable,
From the tamarack and oak
To the little frogs that croak,
Was the home of red men able.

This vast forest was abounding
With all kinds of game surrounding,
 On the hillside everywhere
 Panther, mink, raccoon and hare,
While the beavers logs were pounding.

In his wigwam redman catches
Notes of wild birds in the thatches,
 Mocking bird and whippoorwill,
 Bobolink with notes so shrill,
As his head aloft he snatches.

Waters many all were teeming
With great fishes for their steaming.
 Like the many grains of sand
 Were the fish on every hand
That in ponds and lakes were dreaming.

On a morning dark and dreary,
In the northern forest weary,
 Not red man is seen with bow,
 But paleface with musket show,
Making many eyes turn bleary.

Frenchmen taught Algonquin neighbor,
And the Hurons in their labor,
 Then at war with Iroquois,
 How to wound a warrior boy
With the musket-ball and saber.

These stern warriors ever willing,
Came to battle, many killing,
Sixteen eight the records date,
One side with the arrow straight,
Other ball and powder drilling.

Here the battle in all stages,
With the Champlain powder rages,
Shattering arrows, bows and strings ;
Iroquois by such strange things
Fell back—as in storm that rages.

Iroquois were friends most clever,
As they sought the favor ever
Of the Hollanders, called Dutch,
And with whom they came in touch
With a friendship ne'er to sever.

They gave furs of bear and beaver
For the musket, their retriever,
And they learned the quiet ways
Of paleface in early days
Smoking pipe in hut of weaver.

With the musket, they much prouder
Go to battle, fiercer, louder,
Up against the northern foe,
Where a little time ago
They were taught the use of powder.

Here again they wage fierce battle,
Not with bow and arrow rattle,
 But with powder, musket, ball,
 Making many red men fall
On both sides like slaughtered cattle.

Iroquois, as in beginning,
Were the victors in the winning,
 And again were masters stern
 Of the foreign tribes, we learn,
Thus a web of power spinning.

Next one hundred years' duration
Was the golden age of Nation,
 When it ruled and flourished well,
 Trading with the Dutch that dwell
On the Hudson shore plantations.

When the Dutch sailed o'er the ocean,
Leaving Holland in emotion,
 And for dollars twenty-four
 Bought Manhattan's rocky shore,
Friendship was their only notion.

From the time the Dutch first landed
In New Amsterdam, sore stranded,
 And as long as they held sway
 They in friendship dwelt each day,
With the Iroquois close banded.

When the English, in digression,
Took New Amsterdam possession,
And they gave the name New York,
Honor to the Duke of York,
Friends were they in new concession.

They now sought no more to sever,
But to dwell in friendship ever,
And invited them with wine
To come in as friends and dine,
In a manner very clever.

From the farthing to the penny
English tried with presents any
The stern Iroquois to show
That allegiance they all owe
To the king with subjects many.

North of Englishman's position,
Were the French with their fruition
Of the forest round Quebec,
Where Champlain his cause to reck
Gave to red man ammunition.

Frenchmen now a sight were catching
How the English for their thatchings,
Were advancing every year
Far into the northern sphere,
And new forests quickly snatching.

Frenchmen soon became excited,
While the red men they incited,
 Missionaries sending out,
 Telling to them all about
The apparent danger cited.

So they thought by various scheming
Five fierce tribes with warriors teeming
 They might quickly separate
 And subject to their mandate,
Them for allies soon redeeming.

One small tribe from Mohawk nation,
Caughnawagas, high in station,
 Called by French to join their cause,
 To renounce the tribal laws,
And to join the French plantations.

Didondadies in alliance
With the French in quick compliance
 Massacred with fiendish joy
 Many stately Iroquois
With a bold and fierce defiance.

To Irondequoit haven
Came the French like flitting ravens,
 Sixteen eighty-seven the year,
 They to Iroquois appear,
Who were no quick-fleeing cravens.

Out from Montreal they started,
Some two thousand, as they parted,
 French and Indians in the fleet,
Where at Nine-Mile Point they meet
With allies whose wounds sore smarted.

This gay scene that was displayed
With the pomp of France portrayed,
 Mingled with the savage way
On Irondequoit Bay
Lighted shore while Frenchman stayed.

French and Indians in the harbor—
Old Irondequoit arbor—
 By the Seneca's keen eye
Soon were seen from hillside nigh,
Through the dense and foggy barber.

Frenchmen never were dismayed,
As for fray they were arrayed,
 With four hundred on the bay
As a guard for night and day,
They in Victor trail delayed.

They were by the Senecas driven,
And by forward rush were riven ;
 But the French in their retreat
Claimed all lands beneath their feet
For their king, for whom they'd striven.

Out from forest, brush, and bramble,
Iroquois twelve hundred scramble,
And depart for Montreal,
Where one thousand souls in all
Die by Iroquois' stern ramble.

Frenchmen stirred by scene unsightly,
In year ninety judging rightly,
Lone Schenectady attack,
Burn the walls and ruins sack,
Killing sixty in act nightly.

Just eleven seasons later
Was a treaty made far greater
With the Iroquois and French,
And in peace and friendship stanch
Dealt they with each other straighter.

As the sixth tribe of the Nations
Iroquois received with rations,
In the year of seventeen twelve,
Tuscaroras with them to delve
From the Carolina station.

Jesuit priests along the border
Taught the Iroquois in order,
From the peace of seventeen one
Till their friendship had been won,
During fifty years as warder.

French sought right from Indian stations
Forts to build in their plantations,
When in seventeen fifty-four,
Four west tribes from friendship's
store
Gave allegiance to French nation.

When the English with disreception,
Took the French and their possessions,
Back to English all four came,
So again they were the same,
Stamping on them good impression.

Far across the briny billows
Lived a lad among the willows,
On the sunny Irish shore,
When in seventeen thirty-four
Rested lad on New York pillow.

For one hundred miles this rover
Sailed the Hudson River over,
Then struck out upon his quest
Forty miles up Mohawk west,
Where now grow the fields of clover.

He at once became acquainted,
And with red men's habits tainted,
Language, too, he sought to learn,
And the characters in turn,
Of the redman highly painted.

He became so similar to them
That where'er they met he knew them,
So the red men loved, they tell,
Major William Johnson well
For he never sought to sue them.

Lands he bought at price demanded,
Values paid were true and candid,
Till estate he is known to hold
Of this forest vast and old
That both banks Mohawk commanded.

Full command to him was given
Over Iroquois then riven,
For his bravery and skill
On Lake George his post to fill,
Fifty-seven strife was striven.

On the twentieth, says the writer,
Of July, while morn grows lighter,
On Irondequoit Bay
British troops at anchor lay
Waiting till all things look brighter.

Not this time were Frenchmen speeding,
As in seventy years preceding,
To drive back the Iroquois,
But with gallant braves' convoy
British in full sail were heeding.

Then Sir Johnson quick commanded
To drive French from port, where landed,
 And who knows until this day
 That the French in their dismay
Made resolve to pay foe banded.

For in seventy-six was graven
Their allegiance, not as cravens,
 To the boys of freedom's school
 As they snatch from British rule
Old Irondequoit haven.

From Irondequoit harbor,
For Niagara's shady arbor,
 With twelve hundred Iroquois,
 And the English boys with joy
Johnson sails through foggy barber.

Fall of sixty, trails all dusty,
With one thousand warriors trusty,
 On to Montreal he goes,
 Where the British overthrows
Great New France with soldiers lusty.

Fourteen years from French surrender,
Seventy-four, the chief's defender,
 William Johnson was no more ;
 But of him for deeds of yore
Red men always were commenders.

Never was in world all over,
Men in forest, wheat or clover
 With a trinket and a toy
 Who could manage Iroquois,
Like Sir Johnson, forest rover.

If Johnstown near Mohawk ever
You should pass, forget, oh, never,
 Quaint colonial mansion there
 Where Sir Johnson with great care
Entertained the red men clever.

Let some word of praise be spoken
Of the man who used love's token,
 Words of magic and such joy
 As to win the Iroquois,
Causing French to give up, broken.

CANTO SECOND.

THE COLONIAL TIMES.

Six years after Johnson landed,
And when Indians he commanded,
 Came a man from Scotland o'er,
 Up the Hudson's rocky shore,
Into lands where red men banded.

Seventeen-forty, it is stated,
That this man with courage freighted,
 Came up through the Mohawk rills,
 On past Canajoharie's hills
To the west where none awaited.

In and out neath branches winding,
Maples, pines and cherries finding,
 Walnuts, chestnuts, oaks and elms,
 On he goes into new realms,
With his feet the dry leaves grinding.

Round and round and backward swing-
 ing,
Over rocks and dead wood springing,
 Here and there to pick he stops,
 From the dry leaves beechnut drops
While to trail he still is clinging.

Night owls notes in the air are flinging,
In the tree tops songsters singing,
And the breezes through the trees,
Mingled tones and sounds like these
Keep the evening forests ringing.

Over rocks and stones and gravel,
Twenty miles must he unravel,
Till a valley vast he spies,
But no white man meets his eyes—
Only red man on his travels.

From the Hudson through the wilds,
West for two and fifty miles,
And to south of Mohawk ten,
Settled only by red men,
Lay these slopes with rough defiles.

Fourteen hundred feet, say sires,
Far above the Mohawk fires,
Rippling over pebbles brown,
Sixteen miles extending down
Flows a stream that never tires.

Right or left of water either,
Gently rising into ether,
Were the cherries, oaks and beech,
Stately elms with limbs that reach
Far o'er fern and fragrant heather.

Beech he fells for cross-legged table,
New log cabin and horse stable ;
Then with care he cuts each lock
Into logs of finest stock,
Laying close as he is able.

First he places in relation
Four large logs for stout foundation,
Then upon each one he lays
All around the different ways
Till the walls are in location.

Rafters green from young trees snatching,
Using hemlock bark for thatching,
He makes every crevice dark
With the moss from dead wood bark,
While the smoke his eyes are catching.

Thus John Lindesay completed
The first cabin ever greeted
In the western forest drear,
Seventeen forty was the year,
While the red men well he treated.

Red man taught him with no treason,
How to shoot the bear with reason,
Trap the beaver and the fox,
Catch the fish with bait from box,
Gather nuts and store to season.

They soon learned to love each other,
Red man and his paleface brother,
 Dwelling near as friend with friend,
 Sought each other to defend,
From one summer to another.

So the fall was quickly nearing
Ere John Lindesay in clearing
 Had stored food enough for all
 Into his log cabin small
For the winter soon appearing.

In the middle of November,
While hearths glow with shining embers,
 Down among the oaks and pines
 Came the frost upon the vines—
Season they all long remember.

All the leaves were crisp as powder,
Nothing green was left for chowder,
 Red and crimson leaves with green,
 And the nuts in burs were seen,
While the forest-cries grew louder.

So they gather in with pleasure
Pumpkins rare and food a treasure,
 These o'er rafters strong they fling
 While with dreaming tones they sing
Praises in a joyful measure.

Down into the forest dashes
Flakes of snow like grains of ashes,
Till pure white the valley fills—
Nothing green upon the hills
Save the pines like long green sashes.

Trail was far 'neath snowdrift hidden,
Where paleface so oft had ridden,
So connection was all lost,
And no food at any cost
Could be brought as he had bidden.

Long before the winter ended,
When all food had been expended,
And starvation seemed his end,
Then to him there came a friend
Who in his sore need attended.

Over snowdrifts sparkling brightly,
Walking on his snowshoes lightly,
In the dead of winter cold
Came the red man, not with gold,
But to save from scene unsightly.

He had come in time to save them,
So kind words at once he gave them;
Then to Mohawk back he went,
Fifteen miles, to settlement,
For provisions good to save them.

Then in haste he dare not tarry,
But with all that he could carry,
Food for starving pioneer,
Off he strode with heart of cheer,
Though his clothes were coarse and hairy.

This kind Indian, firm, decided,
Paleface wife and father tided
Through the winter with food bought,
That upon his back he brought
As on snowshoes quick he glided.

Now all honor is in order
To that red man, the rewarder,
For his kindness in the year
Seventeen forty, winter drear,
To pale brother in his border.

When to north the sun like fire,
Causing darkness to retire,
Sends its rays far o'er the hill,
Falling on the snowdrifts still,
They soon vanish and expire.

Oaks and elms with green leaves shining,
And with cherry blooms combining,
On each side, far up the hill,
With the ferns and mosses still,
Make a showy forest lining.

When the snow with water blended,
And the ice down stream had wended,
 And the birds the spring to greet
 Sang again their carols sweet,
Troubles of the settlers ended.

Down into the Mohawk Valley,
To New York few days to dally,
 In the early part of May,
 Went alone John Lindesay,
Reverend Dunlap there to rally.

He told how with beauty freighted
Were the forest lands that waited,
 Round his western cabin home ;
 Of the red men there that roam,
Many stories he related.

Forest scenery vast and rolling,
With few Indians then controlling,
 Pastor's heart with longing fills,
 For his own dear Scottish hills,
When in leisure he is strolling.

Dunlap starts for Londonderry
In New Hampshire with heart merry,
 Where there lived a Scottish band,
 Whom he told of forest land
That like those in Scotland vary.

Thirty persons with sound reason
Started out that summer season,
 Homes to make in western state,
 With John Lindesay as mate,
There to dwell with ne'er a treason.

When their cabins were completed,
And the red men round were greeted
 In the valley, on the slope,
 Every one began with hope
Logs to cut for church entreated.

When their church was dedicated,
They Jehovah supplicated,
 And from forest cabins new,
 Year of seventeen forty-two,
Into temple congregated.

In this temple, while not preaching,
Parson starts a school for teaching.
 Both the children and the youth,
 Some refined and some uncouth,
Came from Mohawk, truth beseeching.

With the English as foundation,
Greek and Latin with relation
 This kind master gladly taught
 Boys who closely walked and thought,
While he plowed and gave translation.

This the first school ever started
Where the classics were imparted,
 Rival of old Union's gait,
 And Columbia now great,
West of Albany departed.

While the light was brightly gleaming,
And a letter he was scheming,
 From his window he could see
 Blossoms on the cherry tree ;
Then he sat in silence dreaming,

Thinking of his home back yonder,
Sad his thoughts began to wander.

 Then the Parson saw the bloom
 That dispelled his earthly gloom,
While the blossoms showed up grander.

Cherry blossoms in the alley,
Everywhere his soul to rally,
 On the hill, by rippling brook,
 Till his letter heading took
In the forest, Cherry Valley.

There was gentle lady grieving,
In Old Ireland for his leaving,
 And she waited seven years,
 Harboring many hopes and fears
With no thought of him deceiving.

Tidings none from lover cherished,
So she thought her dear one perished,
 Torn in pieces by some beast,
 Or else scalped for red man's feast,
Who in west land greatly flourished.

All her hopes were well nigh ended,
When another friend attended,
 Who her hand in wedlock sought ;
 But what joy at once was brought
When the Parson homeward wended.

From Old Ireland o'er blue ocean,
Leaving scene of much emotion,
 On a slowing sailing ship,
 Came the two on bridal trip,
Bound for home with love's devotion.

Here they dwelt among the lowly,
Building Cherry Valley slowly,
 Where they gathered Sabbath morn
 Through the sunshine and the storm,
In the rude log cabin holy.

There were few white men that knew
 them,
And the Dutch a long way to them,
 While the Palatines that dwelt
 Up and down the Mohawk belt
Were the nearest neighbors to them.

Campbell, Ramsey, ever merry,
Dunlap, Lindesay, so cheery,
Patrick Davidson, Will Gault,
Dickson too, if not at fault,
Were the men from Londonderry.

Lindesay, the first to rally
Pioneers for Cherry Valley,
Was the first to leave the corps,
When in seventeen forty-four
He enlisted with no dally.

First Lieutenant then commanding,
Of Oswego forces landing,
Serves the English to protect
From attacks they all expect
Of the French and Indians banding.

Many years of active drilling,
While his post of duty filling,
Made the brave John Lindesay
Faithful officer, they say,
Thus his soul with courage thrilling.

Wells, the quaint old Irish farmer,
Bought of Lindesay, in armor,
In this Cherry Valley town,
Rustic cabin of renown,
Home of pioneer, the charmer.

Then this quaint old colonizer,
Monitor and chief adviser
 Of the town and forest round,
 For all knew his judgment sound,
They soon made their supervisor.

Here a sawmill was erected,
And a gristmill soon connected,
 When in seventeen fifty-five,
 While the town was much alive,
Was new site for church selected.

Round this temple, is the saying,
Was a patch of ground for laying
 These old pioneers at rest,
 When the British held the west,
And the French at north were slaying.

At this time by red men aided,
Frenchmen by intrigue persuaded
 The four western Iroquois
 To come into their employ
While the English, French invaded.

As the Mohawks still befriended,
They no danger apprehended
 From these friends with joyful chimes ;
 But the French allies at times
Would attack with arms suspended.

In Oquago with their quivers,
Near the Susquehanna River,
 Was a band of Indians bold.
 As a rendezvous stronghold,
Coming on as stern War Giver.

On one Sabbath morning early,
When they saw the paleface surly
 Coming to protect from harm,
 Red men gave a fierce alarm,
And retreated hurly-burly.

From that time and on forever,
Friends of these four were they never,
 All because the Frenchmen taught
 That their land the paleface sought,
And from them this land would sever.

So a little fortification
Was constructed by the nation,
 And McKean was captain there,
 With a band of rangers fair,
In the Cherry Valley station.

From the French and Indian dangers
Cabins of the Valley grangers,
 Throughout all succeeding time,
 Till the French the siege resign,
Were protected by the rangers.

But the men of Cherry Valley
Were quite often called to rally,
 French and Indians to repel,
 Who along the border dwell,
Making raids through streets and alleys.

Patriots met with no suspicion
With a cheerful disposition,
 For they loved their native land,
 And for her would always stand,
England's true and faithful mission.

At Fort Edward patriots glancing,
When they saw Montcalm advancing
 William Henry to attack,
 Longed to wait not but to sack,
But they stayed, thus Wolf enhancing.

Indignation was appalling
As these trusties loudly calling,
 Saw their comrades on a run,
 With no powder in the gun,
And Fort William Henry falling.

Here they see the weapons flashing,
And they hear the sabers crashing,
 Killing many as they go
 From Fort Henry, in the snow,
To Fort Edwards, through slush splash-
 ing.

There were men in Cherry Valley,
In the William Henry sally,
Who to their grandchildren told
All about disaster old,
While their hearts grew melancholy.

Out from Cherry Valley starting,
Far into the woods departing,
Were the settlers seeking homes
Where the red man only roams
And gray squirrels through pines were
darting.

Lawrence, Harpersfield, and others,
Springfield, like a loving brother,
With Otsego, Middlefield,
While the forests round more yield,
Join their force with one another.

Albany's vast territory
One great field of woodland glory,
In year seventeen seventy-one,
To the north and westward run
To Niagara, field of story.

All west forest land and clearing,
From Schoharie then appearing,
In year seventeen seventy-two,
Took the name of Tryon new,
For the ruler never fearing.

County buildings all were standing
At Johnstown, near Mohawk landing,
And the population here
In this western forest drear
Was ten thousand, food demanding.

These brave people all are regal
To the mother England's Eagle,
And her every wish obey,
Till the king begins to say
That they pay a tax illegal.

Shilling, penny, farthing, never
Would they pay to ruler ever.
So in seventy-four they send
Delegation to attend
Continental Congress clever.

CANTO THIRD.

THE REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

As the storm rose o'er the ocean,
Guy and Sir John in emotion,
Johnson's son and son-in-law,
Both when gathering tempest saw
Joined the Tories with devotion.

Butlers also joined the Tories,
Brant, the half-breed, in cause glories,
All of whom held large estates,
Bought from red man at low rates,
Says the Mohawk Indian stories.

These men won by close relation
These fierce Iroquois nations,
And persuaded them to serve
With the tomahawk and nerve,
Up and down Tryon plantations.

Patriots quick at sensing treason,
And maneuvers were in season,
As they called from everywhere
People to discuss with care
Why the king had lost his reason.

Cherry Valley folks assemble,
Causing every heart to tremble,
 To protest their sovereign's right
 To lay tax by his own might,
One strong bulwark they resemble.

Church they fill, the liberty lovers,
As the speaker truth uncovers,
 While pathetic words he spoke,
 Of the threatening English yoke,
And the tyranny that hovers.

Spencer speaks, but not for glory,
Of the wrongs and actions gory
 That they suffer from their king ;
 And he urges quite the thing—
Calls a congress for the story.

Yet while Spencer truth was saying,
From three hundred persons staying
 Here in Cherry Valley small,
 Thirty-three gave heed to call,
Thus great freedom's call obeying.

Save one-half the tribe Oneidas,
Iroquois with Tuscaroras
 Were the subjects of the king,
 And they made the forest ring
From Mohawks to Tonawandas.

In the Tryon region dwelling
Nearly half, the foe's ranks swelling,
Joined the Johnsons to a man,
And gave aid when war began,
Thus from freedom's cause rebelling.

General Schuyler, now remember,
On the thirtieth of December,
Had been ordered to disarm
Every Tryon man from harm
Who was Johnson's lively embers.

Nineteen days from this stern order
Was a treaty by brave warder
Made with disaffected part
Of the people in the start,
'Long the western Tryon border.

He by tact in careful dealings,
With the foe his plans concealing—
Seventy-six, that was the year—
Saved attack on neighbors dear
By foe's course to them revealing.

Service that brave Schuyler rendered
To the Tryon kindly tendered,
Will be told for coming years
To the children loud with cheers,
And a love for land engendered.

Act in seventy as stated,
Had occurred, so oft related,
When the five brave patriots die,
Shot by soldiers standing nigh
Who on Boston Common waited.

This at once caused consternation
Everywhere in all relation,
For this bloody massacre
Was the worst yet to occur
Since king taxed by own dictation.

Seventy-three—three years succeeding—
All along Atlantic leading
Ships were seized with cargo filled,
Some was burned and some was spilled
Overboard—no orders heeding.

Near by Boston, on the ocean,
When the Governor by notion,
Had refused tea ships to spurn
A canoe was seen in turn
Coming on in steady motion.

With fierce warriors craft was freighted,
Who with nature's laws were tainted,
And with feathers were they clad
All about the head each lad,
And in many colors painted.

They all boarded that sea rover,
And they pitched the tea all over,
 Where it fell into the blue
 With a splash, and no one knew
Whither came these painted drovers.

But there was suspicion present
That this was the Boston peasant
 Dressed up in the savage style,
 Tax of British to beguile,
And show king they were no pheasants.

Then raged king for his lost treasure,
And the five intolerable measures
 Were soon passed without a clause
 That was just to patriots' cause
Or would bring about just pleasures.

“Minute Men” from all directions
Came from farms in every section,
 As they saw no other way
 But with sword to win the day,
Thus to free from king's connection.

Out from Boston in a flurry,
Up to Concord in a hurry,
 Came the army with surmise,
 And took patriots by surprise,
Prisoners in wildest scurry.

But before their course was routed,
As if by a spirit scouted,

Paul Revere to "Minute Men"

On the road to Lexington
"Regulars are coming!" shouted.

"Minute Men" begin to bluster,
They from farm and village muster.

April nineteen, seventy-five,
Fifty "Minute Men" arrive
And in Lexington they cluster.

Pitcairn cries, "Disperse, ye rebels!"
But the patriots were no rebels,
For their minds were truly sound,
As that day they stood their ground
In the face of British treble.

When the foe came on still nearer,
Then to "Minute Men" much clearer,
Spoke up Parker : "Stand your ground ;
Don't fire unless fired upon."
Then came moment drear, yet drearer.

British sent a volley sweeping
Into patriots forward leaping,
And, as smoke rolled up, were seen
Stains of red upon the green,
And eight patriots soundly sleeping.

On to Concord British hasten,
With a firm intent to chasten
 All the rebels for their crime,
 And to capture stores in time,
And for British rations fasten.

But at Concord patriots ready,
With a nerve both firm and steady,
 Beat them back in sad retreat,
 While their object they complete
And takes stores like a whirling eddy.

British start with cheeks turned ashen,
But the Yanks with no compassion,
 Back of stumps, and up in trees,
 High up in the maple, these
Fire upon in ambush fashion.

British now were sorely smitten,
As if by a wild beast bitten,
 But no patriots now survive
 This glad story to revive,
So we take what we find written.

Now the story of this battle,
With its shot and smoke and rattle,
 Is passed on from year to year
 To the ones who shall appear
As this nation's patriot chattel.

May the Old North Church romantic,
On each Sabbath o'er Atlantic,
 Ring its swelling chorus chimes
 Till sweet music reaches climes
Now in darkness wild, fanatic.

May these chimes ring out more sweetly,
And old stairs remodeled neatly
 For the tourists, old and young,
 Yet to see where signal swung
Lighting Charleston's shore completely.

May each tourist mount with pleasure
Far into old belfry's treasure,
 Up above the chiming bells
 That send forth the Sabbath swells,
And ascend in regular measures.

It will make the heart beat faster
And emotions stronger master,
 As he nears that ancient spot
 Where the rays of lantern shot
Giving warning of disaster.

When o'er topmost round reclining,
And the bells have ceased their chiming,
 Through the shattered window old
 He beholds that scene much told
Reached by man with lantern climbing.

While to north fort guard was sleeping,
At his portal came a greeting,
And with greeting, came a shout,
As if warriors were about,
Ready for their final meeting.

Keeper from his pleasant slumber
Bounded out like falling lumber,
With his candle in his hand,
He and wife in doorway stand
In the presence of the number.

Allen orders host and hostess
To surrender him the fortress
Quickly, this Ticonderoga,
"In the name of the Great Jehovah
And the Continental Congress."

On May tenth this fort surrenders,
And its all to Allen tenders,
While a few "Green Mountain Boys,"
Just outside, with shouts and noise,
Rend the air like public venders.

Second Congress, often quoted,
On this very day, so noted,
Met at Philadelphia.
Army for America
Was the measure that it voted.

Shortly after this occasion
Into Boston by persuasion
Came a little crowd of men
From the colonies three and ten,
Through the forest for invasion.

By these men with chosen leaders,
Putnam, Prescott, Warren, readers,
Just outside across the Sound,
On a little knoll of ground
Camp was taken neath the cedars.

Here three thousand near the border,
All in military order,
On June seventeenth arrive,
Fifteen hundred Yanks to drive
From this knoll, in quick disorder.

They march up this hillock boldly,
But each patriot fires back coldly,
Charging on with ball and shot
Long before foe reaches spot
With their trusty firelocks solely.

Twice the British quick retreated,
But e'er contest was completed,
Ammunition being burned,
Yet with purpose never turned,
Yanks fell back, but not defeated.

When again the roll is taken
Of the ranks by death forsaken.

 On the brink of Bunker Hill,
 Lay four hundred fifty still,
With brave Warren ne'er to waken.

From quaint Harvard, little distance,
Cross the way for quick resistance,
 In July of seventy-five,
 Continental men arrive
Neath "Old Elm" with firm persistence.

Here they meet in scenes much grander,
Washington as their commander,
 And through forest then they go,
 Following him to and fro,
As he through the woods meanders.

All have read the thrilling story,
How he led through bands of Tory,
 Out from Boston all the way
 To New York by night and day
To resist Howe's raging glory.

In July, one season later,
While his forces grew much greater,
 And his army was at rest
 In New York at his request,
He waits message from dictator.

When the morning light was breaking,
And the birds sweet music making
Over on the Delaware,
Quaker City with much care
In a rally was awaking.

People gathered from all stages,
Farmers, lawyers, clerks and pages,
Men came in their homespun gray
Women in their shakers gay,
With their children of all ages.

Some in lumber wagons riding,
Drawn by oxen, none colliding,
By a chain hooked round a pin
Back of tongue, called main lynchpin,
With no reins to do the guiding.

Haw and gee are oxen hearing
From the driver who is steering,
As around the corners they
Haw and gee in turn obey,
Whip of driver never fearing.

All around the State House wander,
Man and woman, as they ponder,
And they watch with steady eye
Long before the sun is high
The old bell in State House yonder.

See! the lines are faster moving,
Each one now the cause approving,
 Man and woman, girl and boy,
 Pressing on with shouts of joy,
For the time they're now improving.

Hush! the noisy throng is quiet,
Not a sound where once was riot,
 Far across the Delaware
 Ring clear notes upon the air
While old bell each sought to spy it.

Messengers in various cases,
Carry news to distant places,
 Telling of their liberty
 From the rule of tyranny,
While with gladness shine their faces.

Bonfires on the distant ranches,
Made of pine and hemlock branches,
 Send their crackling flames all night
 Far into the starry light,
Striking mountain avalanches.

As succeeding generations
Gather from all earthly stations,
 On the fourth of each July,
 Let it ne'er forget the cry
Of this first new-born free nation.

Five days later, swiftly gliding,
Through the forest man came riding,
 Into camp of Washington
 Shouting, "Victory is won
In the Congress not dividing."

From the news by him related
They soon start invigorated.
 Into battle on they go,
 But by much superior foe
On Long Island cause was fated.

They East River crossed in a hurry,
And retreated in a flurry
 O'er across the Delaware,
 While the British for repair
Camped in winter without worry.

In those dark days of disaster,
While the foe was coming faster,
 Congress fled to Baltimore
 While it gave the power o'er
To George Washington, war master.

His brave heart grew ever stouter,
For he was no fainting doubter,
 And his men were poorly clad,
 But he pledged to every lad
Even to the newer scouters.

They crossed river in December,
On that Christmas day, remember,
 In among the cakes of ice,
 Bound to win at any price,
While foe sat by smouldering embers.

They one thousand Hessians capture,
Arms and rations take with rapture
 With a loss of only four ;
 Then at once they seek the shore
And row back foes to recapture.

Then they win a few days later
Victory at Princeton, greater
 Than at Trenton had been won,
 While the foe was off for fun,
Christmas revelry to cater.

In the fall of seventy-seven,
While the fog was in the heaven,
 Brandywine and Germantown,
 And at last the "Quaker town,"
British enter as their haven.

Into Valley Forge for quarters,
On the Schuylkill there to loiter
 Washington his army took,
 While three thousand him forsook,
Seeking British with their slaughter.

But rest tarried with true candor
By the side of their commander,
 And through all that winter drear
 Came no word to General's ear
Of discomfort or of slander.

Valley Forge was near starvation,
Destitute in all relations,
 With blood-stains upon the snow
 As barefoot to drill they go
On each morn to drilling station.

King arrayed his arms, says story,
Round the Tryon with the Tory,
 On the north and south and west
 Were they at the king's request,
Ready for his battles gory.

Howe was in the Southland camping,
Philadelphia fast clamping,
 Causing Washington alarm
 That a fragment of his arm
Was at Valley Forge near tramping.

North, from Montreal expected,
By Champlain his route detected,
 Brave Burgoyne with British force
 On the Saratoga course,
Marched his forces as directed.

Leger from Ontario dashes
With Fort Schuyler he soon clashes,
And demands in accents stern
Its surrender in quick turn ;
But through walls he never smashes.

News had quickly spread of order,
Over all the Tryon border,
How the British troops had stormed
Fort Ticonderoga armed,
Surrender causing in disorder.

Whereupon a proclamation
That each man, whatever station,
Sixteen up to sixty years,
Must be ready with no fears
Herkimer to aid with rations.

With brave Herkimer as leader
Men came faster than a speeder
Old Fort Schuyler to defend
From St. Leger to the end,
And protect the Mohawk cedars.

E'er Fort Schuyler Herkimer reaches,
Naked warriors with wild screeches
Dash out from the underbrush,
And with tomahawk they rush
Into Tryon's many breaches.

Like confusion of ship builders,
Red men patriots soon bewilder,
 By the firing of the gun,
 As both sides of line they run
Into foremost guard the wilder.

Foremost guards are all completely
Cut from main division neatly
 And the few men who survive
 In the first attack, alive,
Red men slay most indiscreetly.

But the terrors of that battle,
With its shout and savage rattle,
 No one knows, as warriors go
 Painted like the great red bow,
Down each side as fierce, wild cattle.

Rear guard thrown into delusion,
Fled from field in wild confusion,
 Being shot down as they run,
 Making for the savage fun,
In the fierce and mad diffusion.

Main division crowded thickly,
Rushed behind the ash trees prickly,
 Every other tree and stump,
 Then was seen a paleface plump
Firing at the red men quickly.

Their quick shots the patriots waken,
But the Indians soon are shaken.

When a reinforcement comes,
Led by Watts with Tory chums
To the Indians almost taken.

At the sight of Tory hurdle,
Patriots' blood begins to curdle,
And they dash out from the brush,
And with bayonet they rush
Round and round in deadly girdle.

Thirty minutes fought these neighbors
Hand to hand with glistening sabers,
Plunging daggers fiercely through
Into hearts of those they knew,
As they fell in deadly labors.

In the histories are written
How their leader Watts was smitten,
And the Tories, shattered, fled,
And the Indian warriors sped
Back to camp like frightened kitten.

General Cox with men uniting
Soon was seen o'er musket sighting,
With a voice distinct and loud,
Heard above the yelling crowd,
As he fell so bravely fighting.

Herkimer gave orders, knowing
That his blood was slowly flowing
 From a wound that had been made
 By a neighbor's saber blade,
Thus to homeland life bestowing.

From this awful scene unsightly
His dear comrades bore him lightly,
 To his own home, by request,
 Down to Little Falls for rest,
To his home all lighted brightly.

Although he was quickly stranded,
And his soul so soon demanded,
 Gathered with the host of slain,
 With the Warren ranks to train
Let us think how he commanded.

He fast sat upon the saddle,
Giving orders with death rattle,
 With a few attendants near,
 Binding up the wounds severe,
While his thoughts were in the battle.

His eye closely watched the action,
And with steady nerve gave sanction
 To his men on every side
 As they press with deadly stride
For Old Liberty's attraction.

As in times so long preceding,
Brave Leonidas while bleeding,
For the liberty he sought,
Had inspired his men, who fought
That they perish, not receding.

So the sight of wounded fighter,
With his countenance much whiter,
Lightened by the angel touch,
So inspired that patriots clutch
Hand-to-hand with grip much tighter.

This drove back the trouble breeders—
Indians with the Tory leaders,
As the British in defeat
From Oriskany retreat
Leaving Mohawk Valley cedars.

August sixth of seventy-seven,
Waged this battle at eleven,
Then Burgoyne's surrender came
In October, year the same,
Which sent joy from earth to heaven.

Troubles now were just beginning
To the Tryon people winning
In the Cherry Valley front,
As their kin who bore the brunt
Were most slain in that first inning.

At Oriskany that evening
Moses Younglove sorely grieving,
 In a poem that he wrote
 Told the facts in simple note
While his breast in fear was heaving.

This describes the ravage plainly,
With attacks uncouth, ungainly,
 Dashing from the underbrush,
 As with scalping knife they rush,
Terrorizing man insanely.

On the next day after battle,
'Mid the war-whoop and the rattle,
 Indians bind him to the stake,
 And he sees the flames that take
Like a barbecue of cattle.

On the next night as he rested
In the wood by wolves infested,
 He could hear the warrior's gun,
 With the war-whoop, as they run
Him to take with power vested.

He was one of many taken
In the morn, as birds awaken,
 Who was left a tale to tell
 Of the terrors that befell
While a captive lone, forsaken.

This vast country, rolling, tolling,
Was exposed to Indian strolling,
And the pioneers neglect
Susquehanna to protect,
And the Mohawk gently rolling.

At Niagara with much reason,
Brant and Butler by sheer treason,
In their camps secure repose,
Planning for the coming woes
In the early summer season.

Then eight hundred through the narrows,
With their quivers filled with arrows,
Mostly Senecas with bows,
Where the Susquehanna flows,
Come down like the flitting sparrows.

Here at Forty Fort men rally
In the broad Wyoming Valley,
Some three hundred loyal ones,
To protect their farms with guns
Up and down as on they sally.

Delightful was this broad Wyoming,
Tasseled cornfields in the gloaming,
And the golden wheat now ripe,
With the grains of other type,
Haystacks in the distance looming.

In the early dawn of morning,
With the rays of light adorning,
Coming down o'er distant port,
These three hundred leave the fort
For their training with no warning.

Marching two miles up the river,
They discover with a shiver
Those eight hundred, savage, fierce,
Ready soon their line to pierce,
Causing every heart to quiver.

Then with ghastly war-whoop shouting,
And with muskets quickly scouting,
Down upon the patriots rush
The eight hundred from the brush,
In their maddened rage not doubting.

Wildly rushing hither, thither,
Some it seemed no matter whither,
Others plunging into stream,
As for safety it would seem,
With three hundred lost on heather.

Next day savage came to pillage
Through Wilkes Barre mining village,
With its three and twenty homes ;
Here this band unhindered roams
And lays waste the entire tillage.

Only one short year preceding
The good people all were heeding,
In the quaint "old Quaker town,"
The glad notes of joy sent down
From Old Liberty receding.

When the sun from morn till gloaming,
Sends its rays o'er landscape roaming,
On the fourth of each July,
Let us think of men who lie
As braves heroes in Wyoming.

Frances Slocum here was taken
Out into the woods forsaken,
And the red men far away
In great haste this child convey
Far from parents soon to waken.

Here she lives and grows and masters
Indian arts with no disasters,
And completely loses trace
Of her former life and grace,
Taught her in Wyoming pastures.

Frances grew to woman stately,
When a chieftain wooed sedately,
And her children round her grew,
When in time grandchildren, too,
Loved this palefaced woman greatly.

When she eighty years had numbered,
With so many cares encumbered,
 While grandchildren's children play,
 Comes a man from far away,
With his love that never slumbered.

Through the forest dark and dreary,
Came this messenger so weary,
 In the hope that he might find
 Sister Frances true and kind,
With identity no query.

But no trace was seen, no, never,
All her features changed forever,
 That he saw beside the brook
 Where the red man Frances took
From their childish play so clever.

Four score years had made great changes,
Dwelling on their distant granges,
 Frances clothed in trinkets gay,
 Brother in his homespun gray
Thus the two in contrast ranges.

She knew nothing brother uttered
More than birds that round her fluttered,
 For she was so long bereft
 That to her no trace was left
As about her work she puttered.

“But one thing,” said good old mother
Many years ago to brother,

“Is sure test and ne’er will fail,
Others proving no avail,
With no need of any other.

“It was on a morn in haying,
While you children both were playing
Out upon the grassy lawn,
When the men to work had gone,
And my thoughts were from you stray-
ing.

“You disfigure sister slightly,
As you strike her finger lightly,
With a hammer while at play
On that early summer day,
While the sun is shining brightly.”

Then the wrinkled hand she showed,
With the scar on finger bowed,
While the tears were coursing round
Through the furrows age had found,
She her lineage avowed.

She now sees her mother bending
While the mangled finger tending,
And her brother standing near
With his little heart in fear
At the way their play is ending.

Brother now his sister greeted,
And most earnestly entreated
 That she go with him to see
 The old spot of childish glee,
Ere life's journey is completed.

So she journeyed back with brother
To the dear old home together,
 Where the Susquehanna flows,
 And the huckleberry grows,
Where in grief died her dear mother.

But how changed since she was taken,
And old neighbors had forsaken.
 In the place of oak and birch
 Where for playmates she would search,
Were old orchards by winds shaken.

Here she sees the mansions nearing,
Where then stood log huts in clearing,
 And a mound to soldiers true,
 Where is monument since new,
To all hearts this spot endearing.

So again upon the morrow
All these scenes she leaves with sorrow
 For her home with dear Miami
 In the wilds of Indiana,
There to use the bow and arrow.

Wigwam home to her was dearer,
There to live with children near her,
And be buried with her tribe
By her own dear husband's side,
Where the feathered chieftain reared her.

From Wyoming Valley embers,
On eleventh of next November,
Brant and Butler with their woe
Forth to Cherry Valley go,
Home of Lindesay, remember.

In November Cherry Valley
Is a scenic picture alley,
Here the stately oaks and pines
Heave and sway in lengthy lines,
As a gaily floating galley.

On each side are cliffs extending,
Far into the clear blue trending,
Where the forest ever grows,
And in sunlight always glows,
To the very top ascending.

Here the foliage leaf ranges,
For November's frost soon changes
Every leaf on matted patch
All the way from green to match
Varied hue and shade exchanges.

Rude log cabins in the clearing,
Each with garden patch adhering,
 On each side in sloping field
Shocks are seen that much corn yield,
With few pumpkins round appearing.

Housewives busily inciting,
With their daughters' help uniting,
 Weaving, sewing, making frocks,
 Carding, spinning, knitting socks,
For the soldiers bravely fighting.

All is quiet save hen cackling,
Buzz of spindle, hackle hackling,
 And incessant slam of loom,
 Tick of clock in busy room,
And the fire in fireplace crackling.

All the men are re-enlisted,
Sixteen years to sixty listed,
 And each mother with a boy
 Gathered harvest in with joy
And in measure, cause assisted.

As it is out on the prairie,
When the farmer, in a hurry,
 In the ripe corn field in fall
 Shucking ears both large and small,
Works on swiftly with no worry.

When without one moment's shirking
Down upon this farmer working,
And the wagon and the team,
Comes a cyclone like a dream
Twisting, bending, breaking, jerking.

And it tears the earth asunder,
Snatching man and horse in wonder
Into seething, whirling mass,
Rolling into great morass,
While it roars like distant thunder.

So these Indian warriors painted,
By their Tory leaders tainted,
Rushed into this quiet dell
With their tomahawks pell mell
Down upon these settlers quainted.

Into fort the savage smashes,
Lafayette's own fort then crashes,
Ordered built the spring before,
And the guards beside the door
Are all killed as on he dashes.

Colonel Allen, the commander,
Murder as outside they wander.
Colonel Stacy, too, they take,
Rushing on without a break
Out into the valley grander.

Into house of Wells they enter,
Where John Lindesay, their mentor,
Eight and thirty years before,
Had been saved from out the store
Of that friend from Mohawk center.

But this time with hatred tainted
Kill with tomahawks bright painted,
Father, mother, uncle, aunt,
And to no one mercy grant,
But slay children pure and sainted.

There was one son school attending,
With semester not yet ending,
On this autumn season late,
Who escaped this awful fate,
So terrific and heartrending.

All alone on earth, no mother,
Father, sister or no brother,
Aunt and uncle, all are slain
While at worship they remain
Kneeling near by one another.

Then to Dunlap's house, the pastor,
Who had been the first schoolmaster,
And had taught the boys to learn
Greek and Latin in their turn,
Came the savage with disaster.

His dear wife her homeland leaving,
And to him her husband cleaving,
Was now killed before his eyes
By the savage in his guise
When she was for others grieving.

While he had no power to reach her,
Fearful anguish suffered preacher,
Watching ebb the life-blood red
Of the one that he had wed,
For she was a lovely creature.

Next the Campbell house they enter,
Quickly there in haste they center,
Taking wife and children four,
And grandmother's life before
Leaving aged residenter.

Mrs. Campbell, "Grandma's" daughter,
With her baby who had caught her,
Clinging fast lest he should die,
Saw her dear old mother lie,
On the ground in savage slaughter.

Never more her home adorning,
Came the thought as sad, sad warning,
Dead and mangled mother lay,
In November's slush that day,
When first taken in the morning.

Quickly they convey her thither,
With the babe, she knows not whither,
 Far into the forest dense,
 To the Seneca's defense,
Into Canadaseago hither.

Here she tarried and succeeded,
Teaching Indians as they heeded,
 How to use the needle and thread,
 And make garments blue and red
For themselves and warriors needed.

Though a paleface, red men love her,
And on Sunday they discover
 That she lays aside all work ;
 So they never round her lurk,
As on other days they hover.

Here she wore the cap and kerchief
As when taken by the fur chief
 From her Cherry Valley loom,
 Weaving garments in the gloom
To send Colonel Campbell, her chief.

Once at noonday bright and sunny
Came an Indian, looking funny,
 Where she sat remodeling wrap
 In her kerchief and her cap,
Teaching squaws for wampum, money.

Chief spoke up in language simple
To paleface in cap and wimple,
"Why wear you the cap? We don't."
Raising eyes, as is her wont,
She replies with face in dimples :

"It's our custom from long ages;
Other customs have your sages."

Then said he, "Come thou with me,
I have one that I'll give thee,
Taken while the war fierce rages."

Her adopted mother had her
Do the thing that he had bade her.
Then from rafter cap he took,
And from it the gray dust shook,
As he stood upon the ladder.

Then spoke he in accent tender,
As if joy he wished to render,
This I took from paleface curls."
Then the trophy at her hurls,
Standing on the ladder slender.

She turned quickly with face ashen,
From the Indian in her passion,
For the blood-stain and the slit,
Made by him in angry fit,
Showed the crime in savage fashion.

For she knew he had slaughtered,
With a hatchet while he loitered,
That dear girl, Jane Wells, so bright,
Type of loveliness and right,
Cherry Valley's cherished daughter.

When the time had come for changing,
And the captives round were ranging,
King of tribe came through the rain
From his home with no large train,
“Farewell” with paleface exchanging.

Said he, “When the war is ended,
I will come with chiefs attended,
To your home of former kin;”
For her kindness to redskin
Won this Indian who befriended.

After fearful, frightful sally
In the region Cherry Valley,
On the next day after flight
Came militia at daylight
From the Mohawk men to rally.

They had come too late to save them,
For the warriors had conveyed them
Far into the forest dense.
Thus unable to go hence
The militia quick evades them.

Fugitives they soon collected,
Wounded, bleeding, sore neglected,
 Here and there behind the brush
 Where they hid when in the rush
From the foe they soon expected.

And dead bodies that were scattered
In the valley slaughtered, battered,
 Eight and forty when all told,
 Children, mothers, grandsires old,
These they gather, sadly shattered.

In the village cemetery
They these victims sadly bury,
 In one common lowly grave
 Lay these eight and forty brave,
With no costly statuary.

As Old Glory in each rally
Waves near church in Cherry Valley,
 May each star of glory bright
 Over graves with daisies white
Be reminder of that sally.

All the fugitives now tremble,
And for Mohawk soon assemble,
 Leaving naught but ruins there
 Of their homes and friends once fair
Cyclonic waste the scene resembles.

There was sad, sad desolation,
With no thought of restoration,
 But the snow all white and new
 Hid this scene from earthly view,
For the wheat field's preservation.

When the sun is north returning,
And his rays of warmth are burning,
 Down upon the crystal snow,
 It soon melts and starts to flow
Down the winding valley turning.

As the hens their chickens hover,
So the snows with crystals cover,
 Wheat fields ever growing green,
 And when snow no more is seen
Fields of wheat men soon discover.

When to north comes sun, bright
 charmer,
Sending rays like shining armor
 Down upon the wheat fields new,
 They soon change to dark straw hue,
Calling sickle of the farmer.

When the summer was advancing,
And the wheat spears were all dancing,
 With the heads all bending down,
 Reapers none were in the town.
And no horses were there prancing.

There was one his vigil keeping,
Near the Mohawk, rolling, leaping,
Who had fled for his own life,
Taking with him children, wife,
Who could do the golden reaping.

Mr. Shankland, health's fair symbol,
Takes son fourteen blithe and nimble,
With their sickles bright and keen,
And goes back his wheat to glean,
While birds sing like sounding timbrels.

Here their cabin first they enter,
Where the robin was the renter,
For a home her young to bear,
And forgetting every care
Sweetly slumber in the center.

At dark midnight comes a rapping,
On his cabin strangely tapping,
This awakes him from his sleep,
And the cold chills o'er him creep
As he rouses from his napping.

And he listened, cause debating,
Till he knew the dismal grating
Was by hatchet, nothing more.
Leaping up from off the floor
Spear he snatched, unsheathing, waiting.

Boy was sleeping, never peeping,
Just as innocently sleeping
As when mother's foot did rock
Cradle while he dreamed, with sock
Knitting, stitches never leaping.

He then gazed on scene surrounding,
And on face with joy abounding,
And his heart was stirred yet more
When he heard the thumping sore
Of that red man hacking, pounding.

Into door post fiercely chopping,
Of his cabin, never stopping.
Then without one moment more
He flung open wide the door
Leaping out on red man dropping.

In the dark he faced the stranger,
While lad slept like tired ranger,
For he wished to save the boy,
Boon companion, pride and joy,
While around him was fierce danger.

Red man from surprise now given
By this paleface guest unbidden,
Quickly dodged, the shining spear
Striking into beech log near,
Springing back into place hidden.

He from log the weapon snatches,
And into the house dispatches,
Shutting fast behind the door,
Calls to lad upon the floor,
Who his first word quickly catches.

From the floor at once lad bounded,
Coming out of sleep astounded,
And the musket quickly primes,
While the father fires ten times
Through the cracks in hut surrounded.

Indians now began to chatter,
At this kind of new gun matter,
And they gather up some brush
And around the cabin rush
Starting fire in trash they scatter.

This brave boy in his distraction
Makes attempt to leave the action,
But is captured in his rush.
And his father fires toward brush,
Till he has no satisfaction.

He, as by some spirit guided,
Down into the cellar glided,
Where he saw the hatchway clear
Out into a hemp field near,
Shoulder high, at once he spied it.

While he hears the flames' fierce crackle,
And the war-whoop and the shackle,
 Holding fast the boy of fate,
 He creeps through the hatchway gate,
Journey through the hemp to tackle.

Second time in ghastly shiver
He fled down to Mohawk River,
 But his boy was left behind,
 Captured by red men unkind,
Making all his being quiver.

That brave boy as he was turning
To escape from cabin burning,
 Rushed into a red man's hand,
 Right into a painted band
Of the ones whom he was spurning.

Here he saw the warriors dancing
In a circle, shouting, prancing,
 Round the blazing funeral pyre,
 Notes like some discordant lyre,
While the flames were fast advancing.

Sounds of war-whoop, panthers whining,
Wolf's shrill barking, screech owl pining,
 Mingled with the crackling fire,
 Like the strains of ancient lyre,
Strike the mountain brightly shining.

And the echo comes back shrewdly,
Like some evil spirit rudely
 Mocking them in their desire,
 As they dance around the fire,
Thinking paleface buried crudely.

That brave boy was handed over
To a painted savage rover,
 And he thought his father might
 Be in flames of that midnight
As they rushed him through the clover.

But this boy they soon deliver
To his father on the river,
 And to manhood as he grows,
 National Elector goes,
Strong James Madison believer.

Ten miles from Schoharie fertile,
West in hollyhock and myrtle,
 In the year of seventy-eight
 Cobleskill was not then great,
Near a pond of fish and turtle.

From their pastures rich and loamy,
They all lived in cabins roomy,
 As in August wheat they glean,
 And November buckwheat clean,
For their cakes when days were gloomy.

After Shankland through the alley
Left his cabin in that sally,
Where the red man took his son,
Onondagas on a run
Came across through Cherry Valley.

When at Cobleskill they halted,
Into homes o'er fences vaulted,
Then good Captain Patrick meet,
And his volunteers soon greet,
Tomahawks keen, undefaulted.

Captain Patrick was disabled,
His brave men by this act labeled,
To Schoharie quickly flew,
But there were a faithful few
Whom the savage ne'er had tabled.

Into farm house this band dashes,
Smashing out the window sashes,
Then the leaden balls they pour
Through the windows, open door,
Into red men making gashes.

Red men up and down parading,
Fired the house from roof to grading,
And the smoke before the door
Rose in columns black as gore,
All the openings blockading.

These brave seven never fainted,
Though with blood their coats were
painted,
For in each was beating true
A true heart of finer hue,
As they gave their lives untainted.

Sacrifice this loyal seven
Made in cabin at eleven
Saved the lives of many more,
As in terror from each door
Settlers fled neath starry heavens.

While the red man round them dances
And the flame a demon prances,
Mid the war-whoop and the yells
Settlers fled from shot and shells
To Schoharie taking chances.

Two and twenty in youth's luster
Killed by red men in the muster
Of the Cobleskill attack
With brave Patrick on the rack,
Slain in first maneuver's bluster.

Spring of eighty bent on treason,
Back to Valley for a season,
Came the warriors seventy-nine
With their tomahawks in line
Bent on plunder without reason.

All were killed or from homes driven,
Everything to savage given,
They this time completely burn,
And the fort and church in turn
Lie in heaps by fierce flames riven.

Not one vestige left as started,
All from Valley have departed,
All is gone of former fame,
Not one trace is left the same,
Only graves where wounds once smarted.

Cherry Valley! Cherry Valley!
Once the place where neighbors rally,
As thy sons' and daughters' home
Now at pleasure wild beasts roam
Up and down each lane and alley.

Golden wheat fields, battle shaken,
By the sumac have been taken,
And are growing briars and trash
All around the heaps of ash,
Where thy cabins were forsaken.

Forty summers in round numbers
Have been spent in work and slumber,
Building this Colonial town
From the oak and walnut brown
Hewn and cut as choicest lumber.

Never more the spindle's tingle,
And the slam of loom's dull jingle,
As the housewives shuttles throw
In a measure to and fro
Will with children's voices mingle.

And the watchdog's howl is over,
For no more he guards the drover
And his stable in the night,
From the wolf and bear in sight ;
Gone are happy days of Rover.

Still as home when all are napping,
Save woodpecker's doleful tapping,
And the call of crow and quail
With the dismal hoot owl's wail
Echoing the prolonged rapping.

Cherry Valley soon forsaking,
In the time of sugar making,
Into Harpersfield they push,
Where the men are in the bush,
Sap from sugar maple taking.

Some were in the shanty toiling,
In large pans the syrup boiling.
When unconscious in the din
By the tumult from within
Came the red men with their spoiling.

Then came redmen, paleface taking,
While in shanty sugar making,
 Rolling logs into the fire
 Making red flames high aspire,
With the syrup pans all shaking.

No one left save few fierce Tory,
Deed to tell of savage glory,
 But as Harpersfield began
 By a Cherry Valley man,
So it shared the same sad story.

Now the founder of this village
Was courageous man of tillage,
 But this time was taken in
 While with neighbors he had been
In the bush where red men pillage.

But before with greatest pleasure
He had saved a town in measure
 By his skill and daring tact
 While on horse in the forest tract,
Where he met the foe at leisure.

He had come from Fort Schoharie,
Through the forest cool and airy,
 Following the winding trail
 Through the upland and the swail,
For his home some time to tarry.

When Decatur hills were rounded,
And the forest trail was sounded,
At the summit, we are told,
He looked forward, and, behold!
How the red men leaped and bounded.

These fierce warriors wore their feathers,
Blankets, moccasins of leather,
Coming up the winding trail
To the place where he stood pale,
Like a snowman in cold weather.

So he came before them boldly,
Speaking to them very coldly,
With no tremor in his voice,
For his life without a choice
Rested on his courage solely.

“And how do you do, good brother!”
Said the Colonel, fear to smother.
With the answer, “Well,” they shout,
“How with brother?” turn about,
Comes to Colonel from the other.

“Whence is paleface brother going?”
Spoke the warrior, no scheme knowing.
“On an expedition, Chief,
Whither you, for what relief?”
Asked the Colonel, no fear showing.

“Down the Susquehanna thither,”
Only few short miles from hither,
“To destroy the pioneer.”
Then the Colonel spoke with fear:
“Where lodge you when daybeams
wither?”

“At Schenevus mouth we tarry,
Distance short our packs to carry,
There to lodge till morning dew.”
Bidding then each one adieu,
Warriors hasten cause to parry.

To the Charlotte rolling madly,
Rushed the Colonel onward sadly,
Where some busy men he met,
Who had sensed no danger yet,
Sap from maples gathering gladly.

He of them at once demanded,
As around him they all landed,
“Two days’ rations take from farms,
Rope and canteen, then with arms
Haste to Evans clearing banded.”

He on pony o’er rocks crashing,
Over creeks with water splashing,
Through the wood a darkened shield,
Soon arrived at Harpersfield,
Meeting men in sugar slashing.

To these men he gave the labor
To prepare the shining sabers,
 Gather food stuffs and a rope,
 And with him in greatest hope
To go forth and join their neighbor.

They all started, these men clever,
On the trail of Charlotte ever,
 And arrived at Evans, where
 They found waiting men with care,
Whom they join with one endeavor.

Fifteen settlers were now ready
For the fifteen red men heady ;
 These the Colonel mustered here,
 And they marched on with no fear,
Double quick, both firm and steady.

Here they saw Schenevus flowing
Toward its mouth still further going,
 Back of maples he saw then
 Blazing camp of those red men,
Chiefs by feathers quickly knowing.

There they were around the embers,
Just the number he remembers,
 With their feet turned toward the fire,
 Sound asleep while they admire,
With no one to guard the members.

Then these fifteen sugar makers,
In the stillness like sly fakers,
Creep their way through underbrush,
And Schenevus ford with hush,
Shoulder deep in water breakers.

Here the fifteen briefly tarry,
Mincing from the food they carry ;
Rays of light through trees appear
As they stealthily draw near,
Through the breezes clear and airy.

Colonel Harper never tarried,
But their weapons quickly carried,
Out into the underbrush,
Where he hid them with a rush,
Thus attack by red men parried.

Sugar maker like sly creeper,
With his rope sat down by sleeper,
And he wound it round and round,
While his shoulders fast he bound,
And he was the red man's keeper.

As the sun so quickly parches
So to Albany he marches,
To the Continentals then
And delivers up red men
From the forest's spreading arches.

So he saved a Scotch plantation
From an awful depredation,
By his courage, tact, and skill
With the sugar makers' will,
And his fame spread o'er the nation.

Yes! his praise was often spoken,
Though his strength was shortly broken.
As was stated once before
Harpersfield was soon no more
With its courage firm and oaken.

He was to the gauntlet given,
But his courage was not riven,
While they struck him, making fun,
As between the lines he spun
Of the foe to anger driven.

When to end of gauntlet trotting,
Like some school boy on an outing,
He was still that very game
And his fist was all the same
As when rope o'er captive knotting.

From the Susquehanna River
Came red men with ne'er a quiver,
Down into Schoharie dale,
And again the farms assail
Which gives all a ghastly shiver.

Houses, barns, such depredation,
Are all lost in conflagration,
Up and down both sides of stream,
Stock is seen with every team,
Driven from the home plantation.

They the church to ashes burned,
And upon the fort next turned
Depredation to complete
And take men with no retreat ;
But brave Murphy foe soon spurned.

Settlers soon were in a bustle
As they heard the bullets rustle
Coming from the red man's gun,
With the warriors on a run,
Each with tomahawk and muscle.

With no powder to defend her
They all think they must surrender,
Save brave Murphy who defends
This great cause until strife ends,
Even though his life to tender.

With their colors gaily floating,
They marched up Schoharie gloating,
Right before the fort they came,
Straight into the fort their aim,
Tomahawks in brightest coating.

Colonel aiming cross the barrel,
Sends a shot like warbling carol,
And the flag is torn in twain,
Only shattered shreds remain
Like a tattered, torn apparel.

Three times coming in procession,
Waving flag with no disgression,
Three times in succession lead,
Tears the flag into a shred,
While he claims no gun profession.

When he saved the fort from sally,
Red man rushed through street and alley,
On both sides of creek they went,
For destruction all intent,
Till they reach the Mohawk Valley.

Through Schoharie foe came faster
To the Mohawk with disaster ;
In fall eighty was despair,
While the red men ravaged there
Up and down their woe to master.

On both sides of creek were scattered,
In the fields of buckwheat battered,
And o'er meadows everywhere
Up and down with ne'er a care,
Farmer's poultry with blood spattered.

Cattle, horses, oxen taken,
Or were killed and bones forsaken,
 Lying there in sad array,
 In the dooryards, on the hay,
Or by roadside, ne'er to waken.

And the heaps of ash were lying
Where the haystack fires were dying,
 Here and there across the mead,
 Far across the grass and weeds,
Was the stench of carrion flying.

Cellar walls, the last sad traces,
Like the graven rocky faces,
 Were left bare with ashes gray
 Where the grain now smouldering lay
In huge heaps in many places.

Into Fisher's house they enter,
Then the Colonel and inventor,
 Him they tomahawk and scalp
 Till they think there is no help ;
But he lived long as their mentor.

North of Mohawk then parading,
Out from Caughnawago grading,
 Everything the settlers own,
 Houses, barns, with wealth unknown,
Is set fire while reds are raiding.

Up and down the western rangers,
And along the Mohawk grangers,
 Indian scouts then volunteer
 To take scalps of pioneer
Of their friends and unknown strangers.

So it was to Gray near clearing,
While his course in thicket steering
 With his comrade and his dog,
 And no watch upon a log
To alarm when foe was nearing.

As the sun had now departed,
And his rays from sight had darted,
 And the shades of evening fell
 Over quiet glen and dell
For their lodging they both started.

Started toward fort worn and weary,
With their eyeballs red and bleary,
 But a rustle they could see
 In a sugar maple tree—
Through the branches dark and dreary.

Then the Captain quickly sighted
Flocks of pigeons close united
 In a sugar maple top,
 There in branching limbs to stop,
While the forest clouds benighted.

Captain Gray in gentle praises,
Quickly now his rifle raises,
Then a sound through forest all,
And he saw his comrade fall,
While report his spirit crazes.

He himself fell into thicket,
Hit by ball through branchy wicket,
Then the war-whoops far resound,
And two Indians rush around
Drowning chirp of evening cricket.

Dead they think he is already.
Snatching scalps like whirling eddy,
They through forest quickly go,
Swinging trophies to and fro,
As result of conquest steady.

When the Indians sought the river,
Gray recovered with a shiver,
But no mortal tongue can tell
The distress that to him fell
As the pain caused flesh to quiver.

Then he tried and tried to muster
Strength to speak in bushy cluster,
Words of cheer to comrade lad;
And at last with strength he had
Came to him in no slight bluster.

Comrade lay there ne'er to waken,
For the musket ball had taken
 His dear life without a sound ;
 Prone he lay there on the ground,
By all beings now forsaken.

Gray then laid himself down by him,
With his head reclining nigh him,
 Waiting for the angel band
 To convey across the strand
His sad spirit soon to spy him.

But instead of angels chanting,
Came his faithful dog fast panting,
 And he came to where he lay,
 With a feeling of dismay,
Jumping, whining, yelping, ranting.

Captain tried to still his yelping,
But the dog knew he was helping,
 Then Gray said, the strife to end,
 “You go search and bring a friend
For the Indians were here scalping.”

Quick as flash the dog departed,
And into the forest darted,
 Where he found three fishermen.
 Here he paused a moment, when
Strangers from their fishing started.

Toward wood came dog yelping louder,
But returned again much prouder,
When the three men held their place.
Three times then he made the race,
Barking like a shouting crowder.

He behaved so like a swallow,
They decided him to follow,
That the mystery they might know,
Why he ran thus to and fro,
Up and down across the hollow.

Out into the forest dreary,
At the close of day's work weary,
These three men with fishing hook
Follow dog from bubbling brook,
Satisfying their own query.

As they thought that he would never
Come to end of his endeavor,
They soon turned to leave the dog
As he jumped upon a log
Going faster, faster, ever.

When he turned and saw them leaving,
And he knew his master grieving,
Wounded sore, a dismal mark,
All alone with dead at dark,
He sprang forward not deceiving.

Then he caught their coats in madness,
And he pulled and pulled with sadness,
When at last the dog succeeds
They both follow where he leads,
While he wags his tail in gladness.

Where poor Gray was now reclining,
With all hope of life resigning,
Soon he led the fishermen
Where the two in hidden glen,
One lay dead, the other pining.

Turf with gunstocks quickly turning,
Grave they make with saddest yearning,
And they bury comrade there,
With no taper save the glare
Of the moon like dim fire burning.

From the grave of comrade buried
Gray to fort was quickly hurried,
And he lived the tale to tell
To his children's children well
How his scalp the red man scurried.

German Flats were also taken,
With one hundred homes forsaken.
In the year of seventy-eight,
People suffered same sad fate
Who by Indians were shaken.

When the wheat in shocks they carry,
Seventeen eighty, clear and airy,
 August second was the day,
 Came five hundred warriors gay
Down on hamlet, Canajoharie.

Fifty persons this band slaughters,
Sixty prisoners with daughters,
 Children, women, sad decree,
 Burning dwellings fifty-three,
While in forest red man loiters.

Fort and church down to foundation,
Are consumed in conflagration.
 Right and left the red men surge
 Like a black and fearful scourge
On toward Mohawk's fruitful rations.

In town Durlaugh, with springs purest,
Known at present to the tourist
 As the healing Sharon Springs,
 That Schoharie County brings,
Dwelt a camp of red men surest.

Many a paleface in the clearing
Had been taken, never fearing,
 By this band of renegades
 In its savage nightly raids
Around Fort Plain while cabins nearing.

Currytown by these fierce crowders
Was set fire and burned like powder
In the spring of eighty-one.
Some are killed while others run
As flames crackle fiercer, louder.

All the night was dark and fearful,
When McKean and Willet cheerful,
With one hundred fifty men
From Fort Plain for Sharon glen
Left their homes and people tearful.

Just at daybreak camp was sighted,
Where three hundred warriors lighted
In a dismal cedar swamp,
After night of fearful romp,
Out with all their force united.

Willet orders gave the others,
Parallel lines to one another,
Then the men with greatest zeal
Back of brush themselves conceal
That between may pass red brother.

Willet left was first commanding,
While McKean on right was standing.
In the sight of Sharon then
Sallied from the ranks two men,
And the Indians saw them banding.

Then upon their ponies riding,
Right between the two lines gliding,
 In between the branching boughs,
 Rush the Indians like wild cows
In their chase for two men striding.

From his hiding in the cedars,
Rushed McKean with paleface leaders,
 As from left came Willet, too,
 While in stricken panic flew
Savage Indian, trouble breeders.

Driving them with wounds sore bleeding,
Far into the forest leading,
 Toward the Susquehanna land
 Fled this terror-stricken band,
Ne'er again to Sharon speeding.

Colonel Willet fired with jeering,
Swinging hat and loudly cheering,
 While McKean was wounded twice
 In the first fire in a trice,
But he led his men, not fearing.

When the battle was completed,
And the Indians had retreated,
 And no warriors now remain
 Wounded Major to Fort Plain
Soldiers bore and gently greeted.

At Fort Plain one day succeeding
Battle in the valley leading,
Lived this great courageous one,
Who at Sharon battle won,
Giving his own life unheeding.

Last attack for sanest reason,
Red man made that August season,
As he came down like a shark
And encamped at Johnstown park,
Bent on acts of wildest treason.

With good Harper on the river,
Willet drives with ne'er a quiver,
Up the northern Mohawk bank,
Far into the northern flank,
These red men with cold to shiver.

Twenty-two in August heated,
Seventeen eighty-one completed,
Indian warfare once so sore,
In the Tryon region o'er,
As brave Willet foe defeated.

For at Yorktown now were meeting,
And their soldiers all were greeting
Washington and LaFayette,
To surround and forces get
Of Cornwallis now retreating.

On October nineteenth dated,
Seventeen eighty-one year stated,
 Summers four and two days more
 Since Burgoyne the siege gave o'er,
Lord Cornwallis's cause was fated.

He that day his all surrendered,
Sword and musket there he tendered
 Unto General Washington,
 Who the cause had bravely won,
By his service freely rendered.

Throughout every generation
To brave LaFayette and nation,
 And to Washington let rise
 Lasting honors to the skies
From America's habitation.

As old relics oft we varnish,
May the names that often tarnish
 Of the patriots kind and true,
 Be retained on tablets new
With bright luster and new garnish.

Now Colonial days are shattered,
Here and there all over scattered
 Are the Iroquois tribes,
 And their land with many bribes
Is by paleface plowed and battered.

So the Iroquois nation
Is all scattered o'er creation,
 No more ruling as of yore
 Monarch of the wigwam door
Is their proud and mighty station.

Monarch of the wood plantation,
Brave through border war relation,
 And were friends and allies all
 In the great Colonial call
Till the freedom of the nation.

They in English cause remaining,
For they thought King George was reign-
 ing,
 And would still the monarch be
 Of the forest, land and sea,
Which the English were maintaining.

So they joined in with the Tory,
Led by art and tragic story,
 And did havoc all the way
 Where the Susquehanna lay
To Schoharie with vain glory.

Winding through the fertile valley,
From Schoharie down they sally
 To the Mohawk dark and gray,
 On both sides of river they
Devastate as on they dally.

Nothing left on old plantations,
Save the soil, no cultivation,
All grown up to briars and weeds,
Where before the wheat and seeds
Yielded forth each year their rations.

CANTO FOURTH

THE RECONSTRUCTING TIMES.

Exiles through the forest ramble,
And to Cherry Valley scramble,
 Now forgetting all their woe,
Back to their plantations go,
There to build in brush and bramble.

Campbell, children, wife, relations,
Were back on their own plantation
 In the spring of eighty-three
In a cabin snug and free,
With but little of earth's rations.

They had given large donations,
All they had with no cessations,
 So to cabin on the hill
Washington with best good will,
Came to give congratulations.

Washington and Clinton wary
Eighty-three, short time to tarry,
 Came across through valley wood
To the Mohawk to where stood
Firm old fort of Canajoharie.

Through dense forest on they sally,
Up to ruined Cherry Valley,
 Where the Colonel met in time,
 And invited them to dine
In his cabin where they rally.

Mrs. Campbell tells how weary
She became of exile dreary ;
 How she taught the squaws our ways
 Through those long and trying days,
Which to them was all a query.

Settlers from their log huts scatter,
And unto that cabin clatter,
 And till late hours of the night
 Tell adventures with delight
As they laugh and sing and chatter.

Mr. Shankland here related,
As the Governor had slated,
 His adventures in his hut
 When he came his wheat to cut,
With his son, as has been stated.

Washington from cabin entry,
In the morning with no sentry,
 Started on his journey hence,
 On his way through forest dense,
Leaving Cherry Valley gentry.

After twelve miles cool and airy,
Near Otsego Lake they tarry,
At the Susquehanna's source,
Where a dam across its course
Had been made war boats to carry.

This had dammed the shallow places,
All Otsego with its races,
But in dam was made a seam
Flooding source of this great stream
Rolling on with many graces.

Clinton's boats had quickly floated
Shoals in Susquehanna noted,
Meeting Sullivan's strong force
From Wyoming on his course,
Joined their arms with beauty coated.

Then with Sullivan's strong forces,
In the Susquehanna courses,
Put six hundred "reds" to flight,
Of the warriors then in sight
Of the Brant and Butler sources.

And they followed, fast pursuing,
Through the forest chase renewing,
From the Susquehanna lee
On beyond the Genesee,
Red men hasty flight reviewing.

From the Genesee they hurried,
And from home the red man worried,
 In the year of seventy-nine,
 In late August twenty-nine,
To Niagara fast they scurried.

The Confederacy was broken
Of the Iroquois oaken,
 Just when Sullivan's vast host
 Marched down like a sudden ghost
Through the cornfields as bespoken.

Washington in later writing
Said, this journey thus reciting,
 That they came up to Lake George
 And rode on beyond the gorge
To Champlain, at Crown Point lighting.

From Schenectady proceeding
Up the Mohawk slowly leading,
 Old Fort Schuyler then they passed
 To Wood Creek which was the last
Till Oneida's water heeding

Here Oneida's water fumbling,
Joins Ontario's blue tumbling,
 Then through wood, up mountain side,
 To Otsego on they ride,
To the Susquehanna rumbling.

Here he viewed the portage ending,
Only twenty miles extending
From the Mohawk dark and still
To Otsego on the hill,
Two great rivers downward wending.

And by actual observation
Of this inland navigation,
He conceived the greatness then
Of this new-found western glen
Wrested from the mother nation.

As he viewed this navigation,
At this time of humble station,
In the year of eighty-three,
From Otsego, we'll agree
Little knew he of our nation.

Now the tide of emigration
Back to Cherry Valley station
Soon began, and never ceased
Till the farms and homes increased
On each side in all relations.

All the towns began to rally,
That were taken in the sally,
And again were built anew
While they pushed, an eager few,
Farther on into the valley

Every year these men of mettle
Farther go through brush and nettle.

There was famous Cooperstown,
On Otsego of renown,
Where home-seekers many settle.

Later on when times grew brighter,
In this hamlet lived a writer,
Born in seventeen eighty-nine,
First great novelist in line
Yankee's fiction candle-lighter.

While the panther's cries were swelling
Round the rude log cabin dwelling,
By Otsego's beauty cheered
Boy, James Fenimore, was reared
In the forest stories telling.

Here he trapped and fished at leisure,
And with Indians seeking pleasure,
Learned from them their native tongue,
With the names both old and young,
And of things that they most treasure.

He at Yale had three years' training,
There a higher art attaining,
Than was found in underbrush.
Then to sea he dared to rush
Thus a broader knowledge gaining.

He then sailed all round the ocean,
Satisfying his own notion.

When Ontario was sought
Cooper wrote his famous thought
Which was read with great emotion.

Seventeen ninety, says the rover,
Westward fifty miles and over
Farmers' cabins might be seen,
In a patch of ground quite green,
Near the buckwheat and the clover.

But the center of attraction
Of the emigration action,
Into western forest lands
Out among the savage bands
Was the Cherry Valley fraction.

Like the one in Canterbury,
On the eighth of February,
Ninety-six, at Albany,
Regents an Academy
Chartered in this Valley Cherry.

Under Dr. Mott, the tutor,
Some years later as wise suitor—
Union's principal and head—
The Academy was led
To increase by aid of "rooters."

There were now in this place dwelling,
With their fortunes yearly swelling,
 Many men of brightest light,
 Such as Hudson, Joseph White,
Campbell, Morse, a wonder telling.

The old turnpike road was started,
And from Albany departed,
 Seventeen hundred ninety-nine,
 Fifty-two miles in a line
West through tangled wood it darted.

At the Cherry Valley mansion
Meeting with the traveler's sanction,
 Place all matters to discuss,
 Was the turnpike terminus
Grand and strong as oaken stanchion.

When the autumn leaves grow brighter
Eighteen hundred, says the writer,
 There was built, while north wind
 blowed,
 “Skaneateles' famous Road,”
With the corduroy much tighter.

As an emigration starter,
Office, Phelps and Gorman charter,
 After Revolution date,
 In the year of eighty-eight,
Canandaigua lands to barter.

Livingston, Monroe and Schuyler,
Allegany, Yates, not Tyler,
With Ontario, Steuben,
Was the territory then
In this office for land filer.

Robert Morris, days of freighter,
Bought all forest, less or greater,
West of Phelps and Gorman land,
And this was, we understand,
Known as "Morris Purchase" later.

But he sold this forest wonder
After parting it asunder,
In the next year, ninety-two,
And 'twas known the country thru—
"Holland Purchase" was no blunder.

He a strip of forest keeping,
Twelve miles wide, thus fortune heaping,
In between these two land tracts,
Line with transit then enacts,
Twelve miles west of Gorman's reaping.

Eastern transit now forever,
Hollander's sure boundary clever,
Was the line that Morris made
From Penn's Woods thru forest shade
Till Ontario's waters sever.

In September with coins shining,
Some one hundred thousand chiming,
Ninety-seven was the year,
Morris made a treaty clear,
For the Hollanders combining.

This new treaty with red brothers,
Made by Morris for the others,
Bound the Indians with their squaws
To give white men with their laws
This great woodland, then in colors.

From Penn's Woods this tract extended,
To Ontario, where it ended,
And this valley, Genesee,
Home of Seneca, was free,
Till the Morris treaty pended.

All this portion of creation
Ceded Chiefs, save reservation
For themselves to settle on,
And for Mary Jamison,
Captured from her home plantation.

Now the Gardeau reservation,
A ten thousand-acre station,
On both sides of Genesee,
At Mount Morris, they agree,
Is the Jamison plantation.

In the record is the story,
Senecas then kill for glory,
 In the year of fifty-five,
 Jamisons with none alive
Save dear Mary, in act gory.

They take Mary, sad and weary,
Into forest dark and dreary.

 Here she learned the way and art
 Of the red man at the start,
While her eyes were red and bleary.

She was twelve and some months over
When they snatched her from the clover,
 And she longed and longed for home,
 Where with friends she used to roam,
Up and down like little rover.

They all treated her so sweetly
That she soon resigned completely
 All her future thought and plan
 To the guidance of red man
In the forest very neatly.

Then there came to her a lover—
Chieftain towering far above her—
 And he wooed her at this place,
 Till she loved the red man's race,
And they wed neath shady cover.

Brightest children blessed their dwelling,
Thus their love and pleasure swelling,
And she dwelt in happy love
Till her husband went above
When she joyed in past acts telling.

Soon another loving rover
From the Genesee came over,
And they lived all through the war—
Revolutionary War—
In the Genesee's rich clover.

Living on her rich plantation,
To each other reservation,
She did good to every one,
Helping all and slighting none,
In the western New York station.

There was Canawaga's clearing,
Course toward Avon people steering,
Little Beards and Big Tree folk
In the Genesee oak,
Squakie Hill and Gardeau fearing.

In the south were Caneadea,
Oil Spring and the Allegany,
Cattaraugus west they go,
Tonawanda, Buffalo,
Tuscaroras near Niagara.

On the purchase near the center,
Office Ellicott then enters,
 Where Batavia now stands,
 For the sale of western lands
To the settlers and the renters.

At this date of forest orders,
Ninety-nine, near water border,
 On Irondequoit Bay
 The new Tryon city lay,
Says Ontario's recorder.

But the rapids in their quiver,
Rolling on, a water giver,
 Turned the wheels to grind the grain
 Of that vast and fertile plain,
Taking Tryon up the river.

Then a highway soon was started,
And in eighteen one had darted
 Quickly through to Buffalo,
 Reservation as all know
By Lake Erie's water parted.

Soldier boys in blue who rally
Into this far western valley
 With brave Sullivan could see
 In this fertile Genesee
Tasseled corn fields as they dally.

Boys at once the message carried
To their home-land, where they tarried,
 Of that vast and fertile land
 In the western forest strand,
Held by red men whom they parried.

When the army was disbanded
Soon they started out and landed
 On a western frontier home,
 There among the beech to roam
In this western forest stranded.

Captain Ganson, brave as any,
Was near Sullivan with many
 When he captured all the band
 Of the Genesee, with land,
And drove foe with ne'er a penny.

When at last the war was over,
Ganson with each son, a rover,
 John and James, the story goes,
 Twelve and fourteen, as they chose,
Started out from fields of clover.

Out from Bennington they started,
From Vermont hills rough departed,
 Leaving sadly the incline,
 In the year of eighty-nine,
As their course blazed trees imparted.

When the leaves upon the branches
Of the beech and maple ranches
Had been changed to many hues
By the autumn frosts and dews,
Sight toward Genesee he lanches.

He near Avon spot selected—
By huge cedars well protected—
There his future home to make
And of pleasures to partake
Hither by sheer chance directed.

Leaving sons with red man brother,
In the care of one another,
He departed for his home,
Through the forest then to roam
Over trail with rocks to bother.

As the time was quickly nearing,
To seek boys out in the clearing,
That grim monster Death came near
Taking from them mother dear,
To all people so endearing.

Taking with him in October
All his kindred, with thoughts sober,
Seventeen ninety, he, this fall,
Bids farewell to neighbors all
And strikes out a forest jobber.

On from Utica they travel
By the trail o'er rocks and gravel,
And there were but few white men,
Seventeen ninety, living then
In this boundless woodland ravel.

Out from Canandaigua ever
Were the red men seen most clever,
To the banks of Genesee,
That fair flowing Genesee,
Place of Ganson's great endeavor.

Here a grist mill first they builded,
And with buckwheat soon they filled it ;
This each pioneer could see
From his land near Genesee,
While on sunny days he tilled it.

Ganson's family seven years after
Crosses river with gay laughter.
Then a tavern soon they build,
Which with guests is always filled,
From the basement to the rafters.

Here John Ganson, that son older,
Builds grand tavern like huge boulder
In these western forest lands,
Where for many years it stands,
Known from Hudson to Lakes colder.

Over these rough public highways
People come into these by-ways,
Seeking homes in western lands,
Cutting logs with their own hands
For their cabins near the driveways.

In the autumn while yet thrashing,
As the rocks with grain go crashing,
Down to Albany they haul
In their wagons, one and all,
Over turnpikes with mud splashing.

Largest load of grain for hauling
Over turnpikes then appalling,
Was full bushels twenty-five,
With the driver much alive,
Loudly to all passers calling.

Buffalo was limit dreary
Of the traveler's journey weary ;
Here the Indians standing near,
With their wigwams in the rear,
Was the scene on Old Lake Erie.

Next the five and twentieth season,
Saw these hamlets with no treason,
By the immigration tide
Fast increase by steady stride,
Rivaling for many reasons.

West from Albany extending,
O'er the turnpike, round hills bending,
 Were the taverns old and new,
 Sixty in miles fifty-two
Out to Cherry Valley wending.

All these taverns that were scattered
On both sides of turnpike battered,
 Were now thriving on the trade
 That the immigration made
To the land with forest smattered.

Many came from Europe stable,
And quaint Dutch from seven gables,
 With ox team or on horseback,
 And on foot with heavy pack,
To the "Holland Purchase" fable.

This they bought in western ramble,
Growing sturdy beech and bramble,
 Twenty shillings was the price
 Of an acre in a trice
In the western forest scramble.

In the eve in lengthy measure
They would tell their tales with pleasure,
 To the tavern stranger guest
 'Long the entire journey west,
In their search for homes and treasures.

Toll was charged for daily travel
On those turnpikes made of gravel,
And a gate with keeper nigh
Took the toll as teams passed by,
On this highway in their ravel.

Freight was hauled in lumber wagons—
Of huge size were these freight dragons—
Drawn by horses seven in line,
Keeping step in measured time,
While all drivers drank from flagons.

On the wheels were tires six inches,
Throwing mud as fast it clinches,
And the driver pays no toll
For ruts fill as these wheels roll
O'er the ground while surface flinches.

They so slowly moved in sally,
Up the hills and through the valley,
That it took two weeks to go
To new western Buffalo
From the Hudson's floating galley.

Horses hauled the many stages,
Six and eight were regular gages,
Sometimes ten in muddy time
Was the number in the line
Hauling people of all ages.

At these stages many wonder,
As from different ways asunder
 They would safely all arrive,
 Till year eighteen twenty-five,
Crossing streams with ne'er a blunder.

Albany was starting station
Of the foreign transportation
 Over western turnpike road.
 Here they loaded in a load,
Crowding them in close relation.

Packing father, mother, brother,
Close enough to nearly smother,
 With the carpetbag and box
 On the top piled up like blocks
Into heap with one another.

Then the driver shouted madly
As he tarried long and sadly,
 And the reins of eight fleet steeds
 Through his fingers tightly leads
While he cracks his whiplash gladly.

“Cherry Valley, Canandaigua,
Skaneateles, for Niagara,
 To the river Genesee
 From Batavia then to see
Buffalo and Tonawanda.”

Still a man a new tune humming,
Carpetbag his hand benumbing,
 Loudly to the driver shouts,
 “Hold up driver, have no doubts
I'm for Cherry Valley coming.”

“Hie up, stranger!” shouted ranger,
Tightening reins with ne'er a danger,
 He throws open wide the door
 While the man steps up before
Open doorway facing strangers.

Driver closed with bang the shutter
Of the stage, in such a flutter,
 That he gave the man a stroke
 Into stage with headlong poke,
Causing passengers to mutter.

In those days of crowded stages,
When all labored at low wages,
 There was room for any page,
 Even in the crowded stage,
Close beside the learned sages.

There were horses with bright faces,
Hauling stages from all places,
 As they came in from their route,
 For a new and fresh recruit
Finely groomed with ready traces.

Team all harnessed, driver standing,
When the stage arrived at landing.

And they traveled in this way
In that early frontier day
With the driver's voice commanding.

In each station blacksmiths labor
To keep ready for their neighbors
All these horses when they start,
With shoes sharp as flying dart,
For the ice roads bright as sabers.

These bright, icy roads a terror,
Shining like a polished mirror,
Up the hills and into dales,
Called for many horseshoe nails
Driven straight with ne'er an error.

But beside the main through stages,
Spoken of in other pages,
There were running many more
Out from Cherry Valley o'er
Run at very lowest wages.

To Schenectady and Worcester,
Catskill, Burlingame, and Brewster,
North to Canojoharie,
Southeast to Schoharie,
There were stage roads, many boosters.

To quaint Cooperstown, no hovel,
Famed for America's first novel,
 Were two stages run each day
 On Otsego's shore, the way
Winding round, like serpents grovel.

And one hundred horses standing,
Were in Cherry Valley landing,
 Where eight blacksmith shops were run
 With blacksmiths from eight to one
In each shop new shoes demanding.

There were fifteen taverns able
To provide and set good tables
 For the many crowded bands
 In the search of greener lands
Out in forests vast and stable.

In those frontier days just after
Peace was made with joy and laughter,
 Wheat at Albany was sold
 For one dollar fifty gold
Clearing bins from floor to rafters.

Of the western frontier stations,
For its fine accommodations,
 Cherry Valley did survive
 Fruitful seasons twenty-five,
As the greatest for all rations.

Through this town all men harassing,
There were three good turnpikes passing
 Out into the western woods,
 Where new hamlets with their goods
Were along the valleys massing.

There was starting Utica,
Syracuse with Canadaigua,
 Phelps and Gorman land to sell,
 And the Holland Purchase dell,
With land office at Batavia.

Winter parties in some measure,
In days five and twenty leisure,
 When to taverns young folks go,
 With the fireplace all aglow,
Were a source of constant pleasure.

Here the backlog that was blazing,
In the back of fireplace lazing,
 With the logs that lay upon,
 Made the light as games went on,
While wind whistles, nearly crazing.

And the snapping, cracking, prancing,
Of the fire in chimney glancing,
 Kept its time in regular rime,
 To the Yankee fiddler's chime
Operareel for ladies dancing.

Down the outside, up the center,
Was the dance they all could enter,
And when party all was done
Lady in her warm home-spun
Goes on horse with beau, wise mentor.

Beaus on horseback, like shy pages,
To quaint homes out in the sages.
Where the woodbine round the door
Twines itself in circles o'er,
Ladies take in days of stages.

Story, eighteen twelve, erected
Grand new tavern, and collected,
Far above the others round
West of Albany then found,
Many guests as he expected.

Many years this was the station
Where the first men of the nation
On their toilsome journey round
To and from the Statehouse ground
Tarried for accommodation.

Men they meet here of all standing,
For there were at this time landing
In this pleasant frontier town
Many men of much renown
Justice to each one demanding.

Stewart, Bracket, Morse, with smiles,
Graduates of college wiles,
Lived here in this pleasant place
Helping build a noble race
Albany some fifty miles.

All around these taverns center
Wealthy men and also renters,
In the evenings in the dust,
With two horseshoes with no rust,
Pitching them as games they enter.

This was pastime for all creatures—
Farmers, merchants, lawyers, teachers—
Waiting till the stages came,
All indulged in this old game,
Making ringers was the feature.

Wrestling was a pastime greater,
Where were crowds, including freighters,
Watching closely match go on,
Slocum being champion
Of the State's best wrestler later.

And foot-racing was a wonder,
But race greatest with no blunder,
In the Mohawk Valley round
Was on Canojoharie ground,
Twenty-four the date comes under.

White and Sparker for years later
Were the champions, neither greater,
 White in Cherry Valley dwelt,
 Sparker in the Palatine belt,
“Union” being their Alma Mater.

To the winner who had striven
Was one thousand dollars given,
 Ten rods was the distance run.
 By one pace the race was won
By the latter Sparker riven.

Sugar parties in the breezes,
When at night the surface freezes,
 And at morn again it thaws,
 Were a merry-making cause
Where each one the sugar seizes.

Here the common folks would chatter
As in shanty they all clatter,
 And would watch the boiling pans
 As they sip the sap from cans,
While the wind outside trees shatter.

And they stand and sip, not knowing
That the syrup men are showing
 Came from buckets filled with sap
 From the maple trees they tap
While March winds are gaily blowing.

Red men saw the paleface moving
Toward the west, their lands fast prov-
ing,
As they pressed from year to year
O'er the country far and near,
Seizing lands by shrewd maneuvering.

Then Tecumseh for this reason,
From the icebound Arctic season,
To where flowers always grow
In the Tropics with no snow,
Made a league in wildest treason.

In year eighteen and eleven
Marched Tecumseh at dark even,
But was stopped by that brave son,
William Henry Harrison
Ere the dial pointed seven.

For the Governor, says story,
Of this western territory,
Seven miles from La Fayette
In a deadly combat met
With Tecumseh in his glory.

On one side was red man fighting
Lands to save, they were uniting,
On the other fought paleface
To obtain the hunting place
For the harvest they were sighting.

Harrison at once discretely
Caught and routed them completely,
 Breaking ranks of red men through
 In the battle of Tippecanoe
On November seventh neatly.

Indians now were quickly shattered,
In the west they all were tattered,
 But how sad when very last
 Native red man far on past
Mississippi had been scattered.

The Miamis all were riven,
And across the river driven,
 Place for British emigrants,
 Spain with Germany and France,
Old New England to be given.

CANTO FIFTH

THE WAR OF EIGHTEEN TWELVE

In the next short summer season,
After Indian warfare treason,
With Great Britain war was made,
Calling men from every grade,
Farmers, lawyers, with sane reason.

One month after war was sounded,
From Niagara Brock astounded,
Marching through the forest crest,
Soon arrived at Malden, west
And across the river bounded.

At the sight this action tendered,
The whole army was surrendered,
With Detroit and great Northwest
To the British in their quest,
Which great sadness quick engendered.

At Fort Dearborn there was wonder
When they heard the cannons thunder.
At the fall of Great Northwest
To the force of British quest
She gave up and went asunder.

Kinzie, pioneer defender,
Offers his advice to render
 To the General in his woe
 From Chicago not to go,
But to stay and not suspend her.

But from Hull then came the order
To evacuate the border,
 And the mandate was obeyed
 By the captain of stockade,
Brave and trusty patriot warder.

There was quiet in the clearing,
As above the blue appearing
 Came the sun up bright and clear,
 Sending warm rays far and near
O'er Lake Michigan hearts cheering.

Little birds in broken snatches
Sang their songs in wooded patches,
 As if life had no sharp thorn
 On that bright and cloudless morn
While soft strains the paleface catches.

In the morn as light had broken,
Swung the gate on pillars oaken,
 And there issued forth that day
 Men and women in dismay,
While in stillness none had spoken.

In the lead was Wells, the farmer,
Frontier scout who came in armor,
With Miamis to defend,
Then came women who attend
To the children, earth's great charmers.

Then Militia, twelve in number,
Of Chicago, just from slumber,
Came with babies and their toys,
And a few Miami boys
In the rear course to encumber.

Route is south with ne'er a quiver,
Parallel along the river,
Till its mouth they reach in woe,
Then along the beach they go,
Of the lake in greatest shiver.

On the right, in stately feather,
Clad in moccasins of leather,
From Chicago long ago
Pottawatomies quick go,
Leading paleface from the heather.

When away from river edges,
Down near by the sandbar ledges,
The escort of Indians went
To the left in steep descent
Round behind the bushy sedges.

When about two miles they cover,
Wells discovers that "reds" hover
 On all sides upon the ground,
 Far in all directions round
Like a flock of shyest plovers.

Hat in circle quickly swinging,
All around a signal flinging,
 That the Indians them surround
 On all sides upon the ground,
He dashed into fight, not cringing.

But this proved not advantageous,
As the Indians were courageous,
 And rushed on into the rear,
 Killing women, children near,
In this act the most outrageous.

Of brave twelve Militia standing
At their post in rear of landing,
 Kinzie was the man of all
 Of these men who did not fall
At his post the cause commanding.

Wells rushed backward like a dragon,
But ere long he reached the wagon,
 From his saddle headlong falls,
 Hit by many leaden balls
Sounding like a bursting flagon.

Wells, the hero, quickly riven,
Voluntarily life had given
Friends to save from that fierce cur
In Chicago's massacre
Where they all had bravely striven.

Six and twenty soldiers boldest,
Twelve Militia, young to oldest,
Children twelve and Captain Wells,
With two women, story tells,
Were all slain in weather coldest.

All their bodies were left lying
For the wolves and buzzards flying,
With no note or funeral dirge,
And the captives in the scourge
Were all scattered or left dying.

Men and women, bruised and battered,
Were from children quickly scattered
Everywhere throughout the West,
And but few of these now rest
With their kindred torn and tattered.

So their names were lost forever,
And were found by friends, no, never,
In the annals of this land ;
But their acts of valor stand
In this nation's memory ever.

There was Mrs. Simmons' story
Of herself through conflict gory,
 The most thrilling and heroic,
As Fort Dearborn's captive stoic,
Turning hair from dark to hoary.

David, son of two, with prattle,
And her husband in this rattle,
 Side by side in death were laid,
While herself and baby maid
Both survived this fearful battle.

On the next day after slaughter,
Clasping in her arms babe daughter,
 Starts her journey from the south,
Crossing the Chicago's mouth,
Bound for Green Bay, there to loiter.

And she walked in cold December,
Some two hundred miles, remember,
 Bearing in her arms the child,
And at evening fuel piled
Making warriors' glowing embers.

When into Green Bay she wended,
And her weary journey ended,
 Her reception there await
Two long lines of Indians straight,
With their clubs in air suspended.

Just outside the wigwams' grating,
Are the squaws and children waiting
 The arrival of this one
 With their instruments of fun
For their common recreating.

Susan, baby, snugly wrapping
In her blanket, while yet napping,
 One she carried all the way,
 Pressed her closely that drear day
While yells rang like thunder clapping.

When by all she was forsaken,
Lone sad race was undertaken,
 From both sides down came the blows
 As she quickly onward goes
While from yells the baby wakens.

All exhausted, her breath snatching,
Stunned she fell, with no one catching,
 Then a squaw in pity near
 Mother took with baby dear
Into her own wigwam thatching.

Here she bathed her wounds and bruises,
Taking care no one misuses
 All the time they tarried here
 In the woods with Green Bay near
In their northern forest cruises.

Here she only few days waited,
Where with squaw humane she mated,
For they took her in a rush
Back along through tangled brush
To Chicago's scene, drear, hated.

Here she saw once more sad error
Of that massacre with terror,
As around the head they go
Of Lake Michigan in snow
Till Fort Mackinac draws nearer.

Some six hundred miles or over
Circles round this woman rover,
Old Lake Michigan's shore wild,
Holding in her arms the child
During all those days they cover.

At Fort Mackinac they tarried
Few days, then the babe she carried,
Striking out for many miles
Far across the eastern wilds
To Detroit as wolves they parried.

After days of freezing weather,
Over unknown rocks, through heather,
Crossing streams on floating logs,
Camping out in stormy fogs,
They arrived with drooping feathers.

Here exchange was made in order,
And she journeyed toward the border,
 For her former land and home
 In Ohio, ne'er to roam,
To her parents, says recorder.

Susan lived and grew much greater,
Being last survivor later
 Of Chicago's massacres.
 Death in seventy-one occurs,
Taking spirit from earth's crater.

Captain Hull, with resolution,
With the frigate "Constitution,"
 In his rough and ready way
 Put "Guerriere" soon to bay
With but twenty minutes' fusion.

This quick victory on ocean,
As a prairie fire in motion
 Goes with bound and frantic leap,
 Spreads o'er land from off the deep
As a mighty locomotion.

Then "Old Ironsides'" quick action
Made her mistress with no faction,
 And on minds are now engraved
 Facts that tell of the nation saved
By some twenty minutes traction.

This short naval action rendered
To the world, an issue tendered
 Confidence in Yankee men
 To enforce their measures when
Justice is the cause engendered.

And it gave to every nation
Of the world an invitation
 To come over to this land
 And seek homes in western strand,
On the red man's reservation.

Then July's clear sun through the can-
yon
Saw the attack upon the "Shannon"
 Just outside of Boston Bay
 By the "Chesapeake" as she lay
Manned by Lawrence and his cannon.

As great Herkimer, while dying,
Gave the order foe defying,
 So brave Lawrence as he falls,
 "Don't give up the ship!" loud calls
As his officers were sighing.

On the following September,
While the fires were smouldering embers,
 On the shore of old Lake Erie,
 Victory was won by Perry—
Twenty-seven his age, remember.

Perry's victory gave station,
And it won the navigation
Of Lake Erie for our ships,
Which brought shouts from many lips
All throughout our entire nation.

Ninety days from this September,
On the thirteenth of December,
Buffalo in ashes lay,
With some forty killed that day,
Eighteen thirteen none remember.

And the hamlets new and older,
Up and down Niagara boulders,
Black Rock, Lewiston's high walls,
Youngstown and Niagara Falls,
In gray heaps of ashes smoulder.

People through the brushy cedars
Left their homes with ne'er a leader.
On Lake Erie bleak and cold.
Thirteenth of December old,
Sends a chill through veins of reader.

On were rushing, never turning,
Out from Buffalo then burning,
To Batavia in remorse,
In ox sled, on foot, on horse,
Mothers for their children yearning.

Wildly from two reservations
Indian ponies with few rations,
And the squaw with papoose young
On her shoulder closely slung,
Rushed on for self-preservation.

One year after Perry's dashes,
On Champlain the saber flashes ;
Here MacDonough in command
With his boats on swiveled band
Constantly with enemy clashes.

Then Prevost's stern face soon whitened
As the cloud of smoke ne'er lightened,
And he shouted with his might
"Larger boats are struck all right,
And the small ones are all frightened."

Then for Canada he darted,
And MacDonough, as he started,
Yankee Doodle played for him,
As in seventy-six the hymn
For Burgoyne the Yanks imparted.

"We would rather with commotion,
Fight great armies o'er the ocean,
Than these fifty Yankee boys,
With their fire and smoke and noise,
Giving country such devotion.

“Revolutionists have sallied,
And upon their crutches rallied
They their rifles level make
And with ‘specs good aim then take,’ ”
Said Prevost as his skiffs dallied.

August fourteen for their slaughter,
From Atlantic ne’er to loiter,
Up Potomac British came
To the Capital for game
At the Washington headquarters.

Cabinet in greatest flurry,
President in sorest worry,
Mrs. Madison in fear
Snatching silver that was near
Soon departed in a hurry.

Capitol they burn on landing,
With the White House near it standing,
Then for Baltimore they go
Fort McHenry to lay low
With the officers commanding.

They this fort all night bombarded,
But when night His gloom discarded,
There appeared those Stripes and Stars
Waving o’er McHenry’s scars,
While the shells the siege retarded.

From a ship that was bombarding,
As the conflict was retarding,
From a porthole far withdrawn
Was a prisoner at dawn,
His dear country's emblem guarding.

Watching colors, closely sighting,
O'er McHenry in the fighting,
With emotion he was stirred,
And no sound by him was heard
While he penned the immortal writing.

Those short lines in the prison cloister,
On that scrap-like shell of oyster,
Those composed by Francis Key
On that twelfth September day,
Have been sung while eyes grow moister.

With the banner gaily flying,
British leave McHenry lying,
Down the Chesapeake they go
For New Orleans, as all know,
Jackson there their fleet defying.

British warfare now is ended,
And the seas to trade extended,
With the plains and forest free
From the Far West to the sea,
Where the Indians long had tended.

CANTO SIXTH

THE MIDDLE WEST.

Tide of daily emigration
Kept increasing at each station,
O'er the turnpikes with the stage
As the only transfer cage
From the east to west plantations.

Cherry Valley habitation,
Was then known o'er all creation,
When in eighteen twenty-four.
Samuel Campbell was no more,
Pioneer with his relation.

He was last one left to bury,
Of the ones from Londonderry,
Who at five had come from home
With his father there to roam
Seventeen forty, well and merry.

Here he grew in the forest healthy,
With the Indian boy most stealthy,
And he quickly learned to hunt
With the bow and arrow stunt,
And in later years grew wealthy.

Softly creeping, round rocks peeping,
He soon learned where trout were sleep-
ing,

In the brooks and streamlets clear
Rippling down the hillside near,
Over rocks and pebbles leaping.

While out in the field asunder,
Working on with many a blunder,
He learns Greek and Latin prose
From good Dunlap, for he knows
All about the classic wonder.

He enlisted in the rally
From ancestral Cherry Valley,
And with Herkimer near dead
In Oriskany he led
Shattered army from the sally.

And as he went home from battle,
He found there no grazing cattle,
And his wife and children four
Taken by the Indian corps
With a wild and fearful rattle.

When war ends with bloody saber
He and family with neighbors,
All to Cherry Valley go,
There to live in winter snow
In the ruins with hard labor.

Then a cabin with rough ceiling,
Like the one to him appealing,
 Built by father in the woods,
 He put up for wife and goods
With a fond paternal feeling.

He there lived to see this village
Greatest in the western tillage
 Of the entire western lands,
 Where men came in many bands
After days of wanton pillage.

Over four score years he labors
In among his Cherry neighbors,
 Where he learned the way and art
 Of the red man in the start,
While he sang and beat the tabor.

He learned customs with high collars.
Of refined and cultured scholars,
 As he mixed with every one
 From the hut to the wealthy son
Of the President with dollars.

James, his son, then manly sallies
In his steps through dales and alleys,
 Till year sixty-nine in line
 Near the age of ninety-nine
His life ended in the Valley.

These two men were business thrivers,
One first settler, last survivor,
 Other captive in the mix
 Of the war of seventy-six,
Taken by the red connivers.

DeWitt Clinton, one vacation,
Opened up a navigation
 In year eighteen twenty-five.
 Scarcely one is now alive
Who remembers that occasion.

His new water navigation
Was the wonder of each nation,
 As a stream of water flowed
 From Lake Erie in a road
Down through fertile cultivation.

This at Rochester flows rumbling,
Over Genesee swift tumbling,
 Then the Mohawk dark it meets
 And together water greets
Gentle Hudson with banks crumbling.

Now we hear the Captain shouting,
“All on board the packet routing,
 Through to Buffalo and west
 For homeseekers in their quest.
Through main cities for an outing.

“Troy, Schenectady, the forester,
Little Falls, the sweetest chorister,
 Utica, Oneida grounds,
 Syracuse where salt abounds,
Lockport from the busy Rochester.”

Towpath driver like a ranter
Cracks his whip and horses canter,
 As the towline rises high
 Packet leaves the docking nigh
While the passengers fare banter.

Band at once strikes up a jingle
As the swells begin to mingle,
 Rolling, rolling, now they’re gone,
 And the horse goes trotting on
Urged by driver of horse single.

Up and down the water edges
Were the stables near the sedges,
 Groomed and harnessed ready there
 Were the horses with due care
To tow packet through the ledges.

Freight was floated in barge courses,
With a cabin for horse forces
 In the bow, and one in stern
 For the captain, as we learn,
On his trip to New York sources.

Through the night and day they boated,
In those days for traffic noted,
 Wheat and barley, oats and rye,
 And all kinds of timber dry,
To New York from Buffalo floated.

During all the months of summer
This was highway for the drummer,
 But as soon as freezing came
 Boys began the skating game,
And the boats laid by like bummers.

Stages then were used for hauling,
Through the winter snows appalling,
 Till at last in thirty-five
 Emigration was alive
To the west for homesteads calling.

In the months and years preceding,
From one decade to succeeding,
 As the progress much increased,
 Former means of travel ceased,
While new modes were superseding.

So the iron horse soon started,
And with trains He soon departed,
 On the way from old New York
 Up the Hudson by north fork
On to Albany He darted.

Here He struck across the byways,
In between the wet and dry ways,
 On the north was Erie ditch,
 On the south was turnpike switch,
So there came the three main highways.

Locomotives pass around them,
Leaving packet far beyond them,
 And the stage for many a mile,
 While the people gaily smile
At new transportation found them.

Taverns quickly were disbanded
And along the roads were stranded,
 For the passengers could ride
 During night and day inside
Of the coach on cushions landed.

Cherry Valley was forsaken
And the stages quickly taken,
 And were left in sheds to mold,
 Or to foreigners were sold
When the steam coach men awaken.

Locomotive, now the master,
Presses westward on yet faster,
 On past Alleghany's snow
 Into fertile plains below
Of the Mississippi pastures.

Emigration followed after
Locomotive like a grafter,
Down into this fertile plain,
Till at last no lands remain
For the settlers in their laughter.

Then a boat with many shivers,
On the Mississippi River
Ferried locomotive o'er,
And He started from the shore
Pushing on with steady quiver.

He across the prairie forges,
Puffing up the mountain gorges,
Where He halted in retreat
In the snow of August heat
Of the Rockies in his orgies.

But this iron horse soon masters,
And goes on without disasters,
Winding round among the peaks,
Through the canyons, over creeks,
Was his course toward blooming asters.

Now upon the west Pacific
That wild iron horse prolific
Where in eighteen forty-eight
Gold had been the first mandate
Started over plains terrific.

Steeds at Ogden meet not riven,
Where the golden spike was driven,
In the year of sixty-nine,
Which connects the new gold mine
With Atlantic far off striven.

From Pacific to Atlantic
With the iron horses frantic
Was a ten-day journey fine
In the year of sixty-nine
Through the charming scenes romantic.

But before the railroads enter
Into this vast mountain center,
From St. Louis there was run
Trail in summer twenty-one,
Santa Fe old residenter.

Settlers in St. Louis clatter,
And into Missouri scatter,
On both sides of winding trail,
Building fence with stump and rail,
While the darkeys sing and chatter.

Year by year in no disorder,
Fast they settle western border,
Till at Atchison they cross
Into Leavenworth as boss
Of the darkeys in good order.

Emigrants from East come faster
Crossing Mississippi pastures,
And that broad and wild morass,
Prairie fields of waving grass,
Changed to corn fields by new masters.

Buffaloes were killed and tattered,
And their carcasses left scattered
On the plains for buzzard's meal,
And the hides for robes men steal,
While by tempest bones are battered.

So new tide of emigration
Formed this central aggregation,
And in eighteen fifty-eight,
North and South in strong debate
Then decide who holds plantations.

In these days of strife and nettle,
They soon settle with fierce mettle
Whether really slave or free,
Kansas land shall ever be
For both North and South to settle.

In the histories is written
How each side seemed sorely bitten,
As to Lawrence from the north
And from south to Leavenworth
Came the two by fierce feud smitten.

And John Brown was prisoner taken
For the cause that he awakens,
And December, fifty-nine,
On the day that they assign,
He was hanged when all forsaken.

CANTO SEVENTH

THE CIVIL WAR TIMES.

Eighteen sixty scenes of sadness
Stirred this land into fierce madness,
As men saw the combat rise
Fast before their very eyes,
With no compromise for gladness.

On both sides like frenzied cattle,
With the cannons and fierce rattle,
Fathers, brothers, on the run,
In the year of sixty-one
Came into the line of battle.

April thirteenth, while buds tender
Were first seen on branches slender,
In the year of sixty-one,
Flashing fire of that first gun
Struck Fort Sumter for surrender.

Till the powder was expended
Anderson the fort defended
For long hours thirty-four.
When the gates from hinges tore
He accepts the terms extended.

With the colors gaily flying,
While the drumsticks they were plying,
With salute of fifty guns
To Old Glory by brave sons
Fort he leaves the foe defying.

There was sudden consternation
Up and down this vast creation,
For the South had now withdrawn,
Making Richmond head at dawn
Of their newborn South relation.

But the North was now persuaded
That the Union had been raided,
And the South was in the wrong,
When the constitution strong
By this act they had evaded.

“On to Richmond!” North then shouted.
So from Washington they scouted ;
Thirty thousand boys in blue,
In July with leader true
On the twenty-first were routed.

At Bull Run, one-half the distance,
They there met with first resistance,
And the boys who live today,
Of those lads in blue and gray,
Tell the story with persistence.

Ball for ball in fast succession,
Blue and gray with no concession
 Side by side in battle fall,
 For each one believes the call,
Thinking of no great transgression.

Reinforcements, says recorder,
To Confederates came from border,
 So the Union boys gave way
 And retreated quick that day
Into Washington by order.

As news spread far o'er creation,
North changed thought in this relation,
 That the South, by noise and smoke
 Might with one small Northern stroke
Be brought back into one nation.

They both many forces rallied,
Cannon, men and horses tallied,
 Both believing cause was just,
 They their fate to sword would trust
When their forces all were sallied.

Men on land and sea then hover,
As the cloud begins to cover
 Over all this prosperous land ;
 But today in any band,
Few old veterans we discover.

Monitor upon the billows,
Like a cheese-box on a willow,
Shot beneath the Merrimac,
Causing her broad sides to crack,
Sending men headlong from pillows.

Donelson with Henry tender
Unconditional surrender,
Which caused North a jubilee
While the South was pained to see
Last of these their two defenders.

Out from Corinth quickly prancing
Came Confederates fast advancing,
Forty thousand veterans new,
April sixth in sixty-two
Into Shiloh strife enhancing.

When the sun was first appearing
Just before the flowers searing,
While the grass with dew was damp
They struck into Union camp,
Fast discharging cannons nearing.

Quickly then the Union faces
Cannon, men and horse with traces,
While the constant deafening roar
Sent its peals from shore to shore
Into low and highest places.

And a constant cannonading
Through the day with relay aiding
Was kept up till every man
From the field retreat began
Into camp the fire evading.

In the morning as a solace,
General Buell and Lew Wallace,
Marching by the fife and drum
With new reinforcements come,
With brave boys from hut and palace.

Soon array again resources,
Cannon, horses, men, all forces,
But this time the boys in blue
Beat the gray boys through and
through,
Driving them into strange courses.

While the birds sang o'er the awnings,
Through the dales and canyons yawning,
April eighth, with ne'er a fear
Rose the sun with rays bright, clear,
Sending gladness at the dawning.

But a pall hung o'er the nation,
Giving light no penetration,
For the people now unite
To mourn gray and blue in white
Lying cold at Shiloh station.

May united congregations
Strew bright flowers' decorations
For twelve thousand boys in blue,
And ten thousand gray ones, too,
Who gave lives in Shiloh station.

On the first of January,
After many days of worry,
In year eighteen sixty-three,
Came decree, "Black man is free
From his bondage long and wary."

And it rang o'er hill, through valley,
Calling men to quickly rally,
Sending gladness all the way
As the news sped on each day
Round the world through street and alley.

This most sudden proclamation
Giving slaves emancipation,
Gave the South a piercing chill,
And their ranks began to fill
From a sudden preparation.

First of May with force in masses
Lee came over through the grasses,
Sending through the South a thrill,
For he wins at Chancellorsville
Victory for Southern lassies.

From this victory he marches,
Seventy thousand through the larches,
Down the Shenandoah strand
Up through fields of Maryland
Into Penn's fair forest arches.

Lee's quick march into Penn's border,
With his army trained in order,
Caused excitement at the start
In the North through every heart,
During day of sad disorder.

But from near Potomac River
General Meade with ne'er a quiver,
With one hundred thousand brave
Came the Northern land to save,
Sending through the South a shiver.

South of Gettysburg's fierce bustle,
Where the leaves and branches rustle,
On the Cemetery Ridge,
Sat Meade ready near the bridge,
In his saddle foe to hustle.

Army round Meade stood, says story,
Sabers sharp for action gory,
To drive back from Union soil
Brothers in this awful broil,
And save Union with Old Glory.

On July the first these courses—
These two vast American sources—
 Came together with a clash,
 And their glistening sabers flash
As they strive with their strong forces.

Men around begin to tumble—
Like an earthquake is the rumble—
 As the cannon charges pour
 Down upon each other sore
As their arms begin to fumble.

Next day with no shield, no wicker,
Soldiers pull at once the trickier,
 Charge on charge the cannons roar,
 Dealing death not known before,
Till the shades of night fall thicker.

To the Union forces ever
Were the reinforcements clever
 Fast appearing on the ground,
 Filling ranks with new men sound
During day and halting never.

On the hills near by surrounding
Gettysburg are thousands bounding
 Waiting to renew the ranks,
 Like men on the river banks,
Ready men to save when drowning.

But to Lee came no new faces
To recruit the vacant places ;
So the third day and the last,
While his ranks were thinning fast,
He into the Union races.

Under Pickett brave and steady,
Fifteen thousand trained and ready,
Flower of Southern infantry,
Fairest of the century,
Swept the dale like whirling eddy.

Fifteen thousand quickly nearing,
Not one hundred thousand fearing,
Planted ensign far on high,
On the ridge before each eye
Of the soldiers there appearing.

Then their lines began to quiver,
Like the waves of rolling river ;
Backward, backward, then it broke.
With one final cannon stroke
The Confederacy did shiver.

Next day Vicksburg, too, was taken,
So by Grant the South was shaken
On the "Fourth" of sixty-three,
Then again "Old Liberty"
Rang for shackles now forsaken.

On the nineteenth of November,
Three months later, some remember,
 On the Gettysburg sad field,
 “Great Emancipator” sealed
Words that were no dying embers.

Monuments will shortly crumble
And to earth some day will tumble
 As boys seventy thousand blue
 And as many gray ones, too
Fell 'mid cannons' deafening rumble.

But the words by Lincoln spoken
O'er the graves as loving token
 Shall be lasting monument,
 Corner-stone of government,
For all nations firm and oaken.

Let each youth throughout the nation,
Till hearts leap with adoration
 Learn each word with every clause
 With the accent and the pause—
This great Gettysburg oration.

Sad, sad war was not yet ended,
But into the South extended.
 Battles many, many more,
 On through year of sixty-four
Fields of cotton sorely rended.

With six thousand veterans ruddy,
On the morning damp and muddy,
 Of November, sixty-four,
 Down upon the Southern shore
Started Sherman in deep study.

And he writes as he is leaving,
That Atlanta is all heaving
 In huge heaps of ashes gray,
 And the black smoke far away
Like a pall o'er all is seething.

Far to South, in fields of cotton,
Through the bogs and quagmire rotten,
 With gun barrels glistening bright
 In the morning's first sunlight,
Howard's column had soon gotten.

All at once, so often quoted,
Band strikes up that anthem noted,
 John Brown's soul goes marching on,
 And the men with strain come on.
While the tones on zephyrs floated.

“Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!”
 Sang the chorus by the men,
 And six thousand shout again,
“Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!”

Every soldier standing straighter
Caught the inspiration greater,
And they shouted out to me
"Uncle Billy, I guess thee
Grant at Richmond waiteth later."

Having greatest expectation
With such sudden inspiration,
Sherman starts in greatest glee
From Atlanta to the sea
In the wildest animation.

Geese and ducks, with oatmeal, bacon,
Chicken, turkeys not forsaken,
Everything that could be found
Up and down the country round
By the soldiers were then taken.

Sixty miles extent they pillage,
Devastating every village,
All the railroads tearing up,
Melting rails and winding up
Round the palm trees through the tillage.

While the fields were white like ermine,
Northern people soon determine
That the army has been lost
On its journey as it crossed
Southern lands with General Sherman.

Less than thirty days Savannah
Sherman enters with hosanna,
And December twenty-four,
It surrenders all its store
While the darkey waves bandana.

Sherman sends a message flying,
Telling courage never dying,
From Atlanta all the way
To Savannah Christmas day,
Where at rest they now are lying.

Bales of cotton at their waking,
Five and twenty thousand taking,
Ammunition with their guns,
So the Christmas message runs
Sherman's gift to Lincoln making.

Fifth of August, just preceding,
With his seamen orders heeding,
Lashed to rigging far on high,
Farragut with watchful eye
Saw "Tecumseh's" brave men bleeding.

Watching closely head ship founder,
"Salamander" seemed to ponder,
But at age of fifty-three,
Lashed between the sky and sea
Gave the order to go yonder.

Though his seamen were afraid,
Yet his orders they obeyed,
 And they entered Mobile Bay,
 Taking all the ships that lay
In the harbor, undismayed.

Farragut ends on ocean's closure,
Work in surf near waving osiers,
 For his health was failing fast,
 As his prime, already past,
Showed extreme marine exposure.

On the following December,
While Savannah soon in embers,
 Sherman, in his hasty way
 Was bombarding every day,
Farragut joins the New York members.

Men in all directions sally,
In both street and narrow alley,
 As the Captain comes along
 Through the dense and jostling throng,
While around him vast crowds rally.

Then Vice Admiral was joined
To his name, from none purloined.
 In July of sixty-six
 Admiral to him they fix,
Being first one ever coined.

Admiral of U. S. Navy,
Farragut, once known as Davy,
In the "Franklin" seamen yacht,
While his troubles he forgot,
Sailed to Europe o'er sea wavy.

Kings and Queens in greatest candor
Welcome the Old Salamander
Into courts of highest rank,
And he never from them shrank
In his navy blue, none grander.

He returned, as some think, greater,
To his home a little later.
Then in seventy he died,
Ne'er again the blue to ride,
In his chase for ocean traitor.

Men and Sherman one month later,
From Savannah with force greater
Lay all waste along the coast
Everything like a fearful ghost
As they march toward Northland
straighter.

On the first of January,
In the North with actions wary,
Richmond yet by Lee was held,
But no reinforcements swelled,
Which caused him at once to vary.

So from Richmond he retreated,
For his army was defeated.

At the Appomattox line,
Sixty-five, on April nine,
Civil warfare was completed.

At the news of Lee's surrender,
When his sword to Grant he tenders,
There was joy upon the earth,
And all hearts were filled with mirth,
Union saved, the strong defender.

While for joy all men were sighing,
Laughing, shouting, singing, crying,
As a thunder in clear sky
Came that awful, awful cry,
"Lincoln, Lincoln now is dying!"

Five days after Lee's surrender
Came that act from vile pretender,
For the President was shot
By assassin on the spot
As he leaped from stage o'er fender.

His sad spirit soon departed,
Leaving work so nobly started,
And all people dropped a tear
When they knew that death was near
Of the President kind hearted.

CANTO EIGHTH

THE FORTY YEARS OF PROGRESS.

Reconstruction next transaction,
So to veterans for brave action

There was given land out West,
Hundred sixty acres best
Greenest prairie land attraction.

Tasseled corn and millet waving,
Wheat fields in the dewdrops laving,
Orchards, vineyards, canteloupes, too,
Grow now where the tall grass grew.
This to country is great saving.

From far Europe and all nations
People come in all relations,
And white wagons brightly gleam,
Camping near the running stream,
With the bonfires cooking rations.

In the autumn, like a passion,
Prairie fires were common fashion,
Rolling, crackling, sending flames
And gray smoke like whirling games,
Curling round in columns ashen.

'Cross the prairie in a hurry
Comes the fire, a raging flurry,
 Down into the winding draws,
 Up the hillside with no pause,
Causing settler sudden worry.

He with good old colored auntie,
Round his cabin burns grass scanty,
 So when flames rush o'er the ground
 They will go right on around
And will leave unharmed his shanty.

Cattle, horses, and all forces
Grazing on the grassy courses,
 At the sound of crackling blaze
 In an awful frenzied craze
Rush together from all sources.

For a moment all is wonder,
And the roar like distant thunder,
 Coming from approaching fire
 Tones like some discordant lyre,
Sends a terror far asunder.

For a moment as it blazes
Horses stand, while no foot raises,
 With their heads turned toward the
 flame
 Motionless is every frame,
Watching fire in all its phases.

Muscles of each grazer shiver,
They to very limits quiver,
With their tails high in the air
For the last great leap to dare
On down toward the flowing river.

Cattle give a shrill wild bellow,
Which goes on through dry grass yellow,
Striking quick against the rock,
And comes back with echo shock,
Starting on those noble fellows.

From the fire and smoke and rattle
Both the horses and the cattle
In their greatest agony
From approaching enemy
Leap the draws as into battle.

After flames had not quite found them,
Settler, wife, with children round them,
Came outside the little shack
And they saw the ground all black
Where before the fire had bound them.

Garden settlers water ever
Through the sultry summer weather,
Cow and horses and all stock,
With the cornfield's every shock,
Are all gone from them forever.

Shack and people from disaster,
Had been saved from this stern master,
With the little firebrand
Held by farmer in his hand
Made from grass as dry as plaster.

So the golden spike was driven,
As before it has been given,
In the year of sixty-nine
Which connects the West gold mine
With the Eastern Yankee riven.

As in thirtys steam succeeded
Stage before so greatly needed,
So the schooner with slow pace,
In the seventys' fleet race
From the prairie was near weeded.

Chicago, Omaha, the center,
With high Denver U. P. enters,
Through the waving prairie grass
Over plains, across morass,
Bringing many a homestead tenter.

On to Ogden rushed the miner
In the palace car and diner,
As around the peaks it creeps,
Puffing up the sudden steeps,
For the gold and silver shiners.

On to San Francisco flying,
Over hills, through hollows plying,
 Comes the iron horse in view,
 Hauling coaches not a few,
With gold diggers mines supplying.

When the air was growing colder,
Eighth October near lake boulders,
 In the year of seventy-one,
 As the darkness had begun,
Coals on all the hearthstones smoulder.

An old lady, supper over,
As the shades of evening hover,
 Takes her lantern from a nail,
 And with shining new milk pail
Started for her Jersey's cover.

Flickering lantern by her landing,
With kind words her bos commanding,
 She two streams as white as snow,
 From the udders caused to flow,
Into bucket neath cow standing.

Bossy stood as happy, chewing,
As the workmen when log hewing.
 As the foam began to rise
 To the woman's great surprise
Cow kicked up and went to stewing.

Lantern quickly flies to pieces,
Scattering fire through cracks and
creases,
And it breaks out through the roof,
Which was then not fireproof,
Burning stable like oiled fleeces.

O'er Lake Michigan's water splashing,
Eighth October on shore dashing,
Came the wind in a fearful blast
Blazing firebrands snatching fast,
Hurling into darkness crashing.

They soon scatter—what a pity!
And the smoke in columns gritty,
With the flames begin to roll,
While the bells from turrets toll,
Calling firemen through the city.

Seething, crackling, snapping blazes,
From the buildings in all phases
Broke the night's serene repose,
And the folks from sleep arose,
Rushing out with frightened crazes.

For two nights and days it rages,
Burning building of all ages—
Churches, houses, hotels, banks,
High and low of different ranks
Lie in ashes in all stages.

Seventeen thousand buildings burning,
Ninety thousand persons yearning
 For a shelter that bleak night
 In Chicago by the light
Of their homes to ashes turning.

Hearts were touched o'er all creation
For the homeless in starvation,
 Contributions came like rain
 From the Coast, Atlanta, Maine,
And from Europe came donations.

Firm foundations were laid deeper,
Far from surface were the sleepers,
 And sky-scrapers towered so high
 Far into the clear blue sky
That they awed the pleasure seekers.

So time sped on ever faster.
Five years after this disaster
 Came year eighteen seventy-six,
 Just one hundred years affix
Since this country spurned its master.

People came from every section,
Far abroad with all connection,
 To that quaint old Quaker town,
 Place of brotherly love, renown,
Home of liberty, protection.

Here they studied the relation
Of one hundred years' duration,
 Of the rule long since begun
 But by many all in one,
Making laws for entire nation.

So Centennial Celebration
Showed at once entire creation
 Why a government by all
 Was a rule that ne'er would fall,
For it had a sure foundation.

While the sun was shining brightly,
And the bells were chiming lightly,
 On the fourth of this July,
 “Colorado,” is the cry,
“Eight and thirtieth sister sightly.”

With its buildings towering stately,
Made of brick and stone quite lately,
 One mile high, old Denver great,
 Capital of “Centennial State”
Near the mountains stands sedately.

Now again the emigration
Came with greater expectation,
 And in place of that old trail
 Soon to Santa Fe by rail
Came the settler from each nation.

As the eastern turnpike faded,
So the trail was now evaded,
 And the granite's all the way
 From St. Louis to Santa Fe
Mark the trail where schooners made it.

This new active emigration,
Through the modes of irrigation,
 Brought down water from the snow
 Into arid plains below
Throughout every habitation.

Far across deep rocky places,
Holding back the water traces,
 They constructed dams of earth
 Gave the landscape a new birth,
Making many shining faces.

In the creeks near sage brush slender,
They set wheels with cross-bar fenders,
 Moving by the current's flow
 Mystic power shaft to and fro
Night and day without a tender.

Bucket fastened with no quiver,
To the wheel as water giver,
 And it dips a portion up,
 Like a child with tiny cup,
As it moves on through the river.

Cup now rises o'er the mire,
Far above the brush and briars,
And tips over into a ditch,
Flooding the mesa by a switch,
Giving water to each sire.

Then grow apples, pears, and cherries,
Plums and peaches and raspberries,
Where the thorny cactus grew,
And the withered sage brush, too,
'Long the streams near fords and ferries.

Farther down the rocky passes,
Where roam many mountain asses,
Are alfalfa spreading fields,
And the cantaloupe that yields
Sport for eastern lads and lassies.

Through the Rockies in mill races
Are the gold and silver traces,
On the surface and in mines
Ore they find of many kinds,
While prospecting in new places.

CANTO NINTH

THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

Forty years—a short duration—
Peace had reigned o'er all our nation,
When upon a midnight clear
Down near by a Cuban pier
Sank a boat, sad desolation.

Fifteenth day of February
Sank this boat in such a hurry,
In the year of ninety-eight,
That two hundred sixty-eight
Rolling billows quickly bury.

As the news was coming faster,
No one thought that such disaster,
While the "Maine" at anchor lay
In Havana on the Bay
Would take sailors with their masters.

This explosion was a wonder,
As these boys in blue went under,
Down into the unknown deep,
There alone their watch to keep,
Fathoms deep from friends asunder.

This rang out in wild vibrations,
Back into the U. S. nation,
Like a Western hurricane
Spread the news of sinking "Maine"
O'er the world's great habitation.

U. S. people were disgusted
When the boys in blue they trusted
Down upon the Cuban shore
Were upon this earth no more,
But with coral coats encrusted.

As the springtime opened brightly,
And the birds their tunes hummed
lightly,
April nineteen, ninety-eight
War again was the mandate
With far Spain for deeds unsightly.

Now a fleet with Yankee orders
Sailed across to foreign borders,
And upon a bright May day
Dewey charged Manila Bay
As a great courageous warder.

He the Spanish fleet annoyed,
And soon every boat destroyed
With no loss of ship or man,
Finished just as he began
So his orders all enjoyed.

As the people were debating
For their yearly celebrating,
 On the third day of July
 News from Santiago fly
That quick peace for Spain was dating.

As the calyx joins the sepal,
So this little Cuban people
 Joined U. S. for liberty
 From their Spanish tyranny,
Sending praises from high steeples.

As the hen protects her chickens,
Uncle Sam the Cuban stricken,
 With his spreading wings protect,
 And the foreign rule eject,
And with liberty soon quickens.

Eastern Philippine creation,
Were brought into Western station,
 But they have their local rule,
 And their children go to school,
Taught to read like Yankee nation.

Wars in all the years preceding
Were for our own people bleeding,
 But the century ends, we see,
 For the islands over sea
Them to freedom quickly leading.

CANTO TENTH

THE PROGRESS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Eighteen hundred ushered neatly,
The old stage coach filled completely,
Whirling o'er the turnpike high,
Seeking Western land to buy
Of the Hollanders more cheaply.

Nineteen hundred ushered stately,
Not the stage coach crowded greatly,
But a car of cushioned rim
With no horses sleek and trim
Used by owner very lately.

And it sped o'er hill, through hollow,
Like the little flitting swallow,
Crossing plains and camping out,
Far surpassing without doubt
Any other that might follow.

Black and blue and green and yellow
Are few colors of the fellow,
Like the many, many stars
Is the number of the cars,
Over mountain, with shrill bellow.

Buick, Cadillac, two makers,
Overland and Studebakers,
Hudson, Chevrolet and Paige,
Oldsmobile with steady gauge,
Ford for sales the record breaker.

For this new and modern carriage
There must be new home, like marriage,
But there was no name for it,
So they coined a word to fit,
And they named its home the garage.

These new droll and modern chaises
Man must manage in all phases,
But there was no name before
So they coined his name chauffeur,
Taking French word with great praises.

This was no old worn survivance,
But a simple new contrivance,
With a little gasoline
Stored away in tank unseen,
Making speed with no connivance.

This new wheel is automobile,
Modest, grand, superb and noble,
And surpasses one-horse shay
In its slow, old-fashioned way,
Made from steel and hardest roble.

Auto as wild course it raves
Revolutionizes travel,
And across the continent
Roads of concrete and cement
Are now made in place of gravel.

Fields are stirred by motor tractors,
And grain reaped by these wild actors,
While the sickle and the plow
Are on exhibition now
In among the ancient factors.

Trucks are used for heavy hauling.
Loads that once would seem appalling
Now move through the crowded street
With a swing that is complete,
Firmly onward, ne'er recalling.

In the towns from hill and valley,
Cars are found in street and alley,
Crowded closely to the curb,
With no horses to disturb
Like an army in a sally.

As the buffalo has perished,
So the horse that man so cherished
From the role is moving fast,
For his usefulness has past
And the motor now is nourished.

Black and bay and white and yellow
Were the colors of the fellow;
But we love the dear old horse
Missing him in great remorse,
As we turn the furrows mellow.

Some men's minds are never lazy,
Always busy with thoughts hazy,
Thinking, thinking all the while,
Never stopping for a smile,
Till some think they have gone crazy.

So it was in years preceding,
Boys did thinking, no one heeding,
As they watched the hawk and hen
And the pigeon and the wren,
And the turkey with his leading.

But one boy was closer thinker,
While in barnyard round he tinkers,
As he saw the old brown hen
Spread her wings, and quickly then
Light upon a pile of clinkers.

He at once began his thinking,
Deep imagination drinking,
Till at last on cushion soft
He was lost in carriage loft
With his feathers, wire fast linking.

Here he many hours sat screwing,
Tying, binding, never stewing,
Till his fingers were all red,
And his eyes stood from his head.
As his work he kept reviewing.

After days of labor ended,
With his feathered wings extended,
He perched on the window sill ;
One may think his heart stood still,
Pride and fear in him now blended.

You have read in old school reader
How this boy inventor, leader,
Stood like hawk upon a rail
With spread wings and open sail
Ready with the first great speeder.

How he fell into slush mellow,
With the hogs, with ne'er a bellow,
How his brother standing nigh,
With a keen and watchful eye,
Jeered the helpless little fellow.

Men are only boys grown taller,
With imagination smaller,
Than the boy Darius Green,
Falling in his winged machine
Hid for days with ne'er a caller.

So men too, sometimes, like plaster,
Fall and object never master,
 But some rise and do not wait,
 And go on with stronger gait
Toward the goal yet ever faster.

So it was in years receding,
Like a whirlwind, nothing heeding,
 Man was locked up in a shed
 Where he went on straight ahead
Striving daily no aid needing.

Working with both brain and hammer,
Sawing, planing in a manner
 That would cause a Yankee glee
 If by chance he stops to see
And should listen to the clamor.

When one morning flocks rose early,
With their fleeces white and curly,
 Open swung the entrance strong
 Where this man had labored long,
While his looks were dark and surly.

Thing rolled out with ne'er a blunder,
On four wheels with noise like thunder,
 And man sat with wings and tail
 Just like hawk upon a rail
Ready for his flight of wonder.

When his wings began to flutter,
Wheels began to leave the gutter,
And the people all turned out
When they heard the noise about,
And low strains began to mutter.

But their joy was quickly ended,
While his flight through air he wended.
As if heavy blast had blown,
In a moment he had flown
Far from sight as car he tended.

He then sailed up higher, higher,
As the crowds in awe drew nigher,
Five and forty thousand feet,
Where no bird could e'er compete
Far into a climate dryer.

High o'er ocean quick he started,
With no sail, no steam, imparted,
But with only wings and tail,
Made his way through heavy gale
Quicker than the steamer darted.

So the airplane went faster
Over water, mountain, pasture,
Than the cars of latest date,
Even the great Empire State
Was left far behind this master.

CANTO ELEVENTH

THE WORLD WAR.

Far across the briny ocean
Was such wisdom and devotion,
That the learned of all climes
Went abroad at certain times
Satisfying wise emotions.

Soon there was a great commotion,
Caused by ruler with high notion,
And he caused U craft to float
Like the one of Yankee note,
Dealing out a “deadly” potion.

Ruler thought from his high tower
He could make the whole world cower,
And do homage at his will,
And his foreign court would fill
Till supreme should be his power.

But before he caught his neighbor
And compelled him to do labor,
In the sight of an Irish town
“Lusitania” went down,
Causing sorrow with keen sabers.

At two-five the dial shining,
While the sky no cloud was lining
Nineteen fifteen, month of May,
On the seventh, was the day,
Sank this vessel where reclining.

Men and women of all ages,
Was the cargo read on pages,
Eleven hundred fifty-four
Was the number that she bore
Into port where no storm rages.

Now one hundred two are sleeping
Free America's watch keeping,
Down beneath the Kinsdale wave,
In a lowly water grave
Where the headland serfs are leaping.

In his home, far from disaster,
Lived a kind and true schoolmaster.
He believed the Golden Rule
Taught him both in Yankee school,
And on Sunday by his pastor.

Shining crown that he possesses
Was not made by human presses,
But its jewels are the youth
He has guided on to truth
By his kind and firm caresses.

They are lads that he led ever -
Throughout all the record clever,
From creation all the way
Down to Christ, Whose teachings say
Love and justice is true lever.

Then they learned from every nation
How injustice, indignation,
Reinforce a good man's heart
And cause every nerve to start
Throbbing justice from creation.

How King George in years preceding
By injustice in his leading,
Severed from his western school
And lost children from his rule
Out among the red men feeding.

Now no doubt this Yankee teacher
Knew that ruler, this Rhine preacher,
Was descendant in straight line
Of the one who at one time
Bled the green and Boston creatures.

This quaint western Yankee leader,
Who much spurned this trouble breeder,
Did as all good teachers do,
Tried at once his grace to woo,
So well known by all good readers.

But the ruler on the river
Who now wished to be lawgiver,
As ancestor George declined
To be taught by western kind,
Spurned all proffers with no quiver.

But persuaded was schoolmaster
That injustice brought disaster,
Hence the ruler for his crime
Must at once be brought to time
Lest his crimes come thicker, faster.

Sixth of April, gloomy, sable,
Nineteen seventeen, was the cable,
That the Congress sent o'er wave
That to President it gave
Right to help with power able.

Not the thirteen, on the border—
Of the Revolution order—
But these grown to forty-eight,
Gave their sons to purpose great,
Is the record, says recorder.

Finer crew was ne'er in motion
Than those boys who crossed the ocean,
Having cheeks of sunburnt hue,
With a heart of courage true,
Leaving mothers in emotion.

These brave comrades with their brothers
ers

Had no training save the mothers,
Who had led them all the way
From their youth to manhood gay,
And prepared them like all others.

Yes, prepared by Yankee teacher,
Justice being only preacher,
Where the mother was the guest,
And knew what her son loved best,
While in woe all sought to reach her.

And they joined across the ocean
Others in a fierce commotion,
With a speech and accent too
Just like one they always knew,
Taught by mothers with devotion.

These were now the brothers truthful
Who obeyed the mothers truthful,
And were taught by milder rule
Than the seventy-six George school,
For they served King George more
youthful.

British channel they cross over
Not as foe in secret covers,
As one hundred years ago,
But this time as friends they go
Striking foe that near them hovers.

French now met these steady forces
Crossing channel in set courses,
Friends and foes all people know,
Some one hundred years ago,
When blood flowed from many sources.

Yankee boy with awkward blunder
Soon taught potentate the wonder,
That he ne'er could win a race
With his military grace
When the Yanks the cause were under.

Seventy thousand Yankee brothers,
Wrapped in sweaters made by mothers
Far away in their homeland,
Lie upon a foreign strand
In one common grave with others.

Bravest sons of every people,
Lie in battlefield by steeple,
In the land that first began
Liberty with Uncle Sam
Joined like calyx to the sepal.

Nineteen eighteen, month eleven,
Chill November, near hour seven,
On eleventh day we hear
Rumblings, rumblings far and near
Sending joy from earth to heaven.

Then the rumbling bursts to shouting,
And the schools are closed for outing,
Mothers stand in eager lots,
Sweethearts grasp forget-me-nots,
Fathers telegraphs are doubting.

Flags at once are gaily flying
And for joy all folks are crying,
Business all is paralyzed ;
In all lands beneath the skies
Pandemonium supplying.

Hush ! the clamorous noise is broken,
Not a sound or word is spoken,
Save the note of whippoorwill ;
Silence reigns through hall, o'er hill,
All bow low to strange, wierd token.

Click, click ! says message plainly,
Every human heart beats mainly,
While the entire world is still.
Even notes of Whippoorwill
Die away while clicks sound sanely.

Click, click ! came the sound still louder,
Like the spark from bursting powder,
Into every dialect
Where on earth is any sect
Clicked the clicks yet ever prouder.

“Armistice,” says clicking, clicking,
“Has been signed,” the letters pricking,
“By all Potentates in turn.”
And the Khaki boys we learn
To Old Liberty are sticking.

But one thing to Yankee nation,
Where foul war is degradation,
Is the thought that boys so true
Will come back across the blue
To their homes and old plantations.

We now listen at our leisure,
To adventures in a measure,
Soldiers tell in much detail,
From the time they first set sail
Till they reach their homes with pleasure.

How they came in by notation,
And enlisted at each station,
On June fifth ten million men
From the city, hill and glen
Registered to serve the nation.

Men from palace, hut and stable,
Twenty-one to thirty able.
All day long from early six
Came till nine, as time they fix
To close books upon the table.

Lawyers, doctors, merchants, sages,
Write their names and also ages,
 Telling in what country born,
 Answering all as they were sworn,
Every question on the pages.

There were Yankee, German, Danish,
Greek and Scotch, Italians, Spanish,
 English, Irish, French and Dutch,
 Russians, Welsh, with music touch,
Austrians, Syrians, Poles so clannish.

Every people in creation
Was there found in registration,
 And they joined henceforth to go
 To put down a common foe,
And give justice to each nation.

From the North to South extending,
And from sea to mountain wending,
 Near five thousand stations stood
 In the city, dale and wood
Register for service pending.

Some ten thousand while storms thun-
dered,
If no registrar had blundered,
 In one station o'er the land
 Did the greatest number stand,
And the people at this wondered.

Next step taken was creation
Of an army and its rations
 From ten million registered men
 Found from sea to mountain glen,
America's vast habitation.

Draft, two million of all stations
 From ten million registrations,
 On the twentieth of July
 Was then taken low and high
Called "Selective of the Nation."

This new army of the nation
Bade adieu to home relation,
 And put on the khaki hue,
 And went into training new
For the final preparation.

Few months only were then needed,
For they were the lads that heeded
 Liberty's most urgent call,
 Being taught the most of all
That all tyrants should be weeded.

In a few months' training steady
All the officers were ready
 To command the multitude
 That would settle soon the feud
This world seething, foaming eddy.

They all ridiculed the notion
Far across the briny ocean
That an officer could rule
Who had not been taught in school
How to govern every motion.

But this ridiculing fashion
Was soon brought to naught by passion
Of the khaki Yankee boys,
Who feared neither gas nor noise
When the countenance turned ashen.

So the multitude then started,
And o'er rolling billows darted
From America to France,
Where brave Pershing in advance
In June early had departed.

Soon one million boys are landed,
Fairest Yankees ever banded,
To repay to LaFayette
Seventy-six unpaid war debt
And wave "Glory" true and candid.

Stars and Stripes, our dear Old Glory,
As to Rev. Watson's story,
Had been carried there before
By the Yankees on that shore
Who enlisted in cause gory.

In year fourteen, August after,
Where man never was a grafter,
Through the streets of Paris goes
Foreign Legion, each one knows,
Halting not for cheers or laughter.

An American division
With no fear, but great decision,
Had enlisted in the cause
For the sake of Freedom's laws
And French cause with no derision.

These men go through thickest battle,
'Mid the smoke and gas and rattle,
With Old Glory everywhere
Waving o'er their heads with care,
Both in action and camp prattle.

When Americans were landed
Volunteers were all disbanded.
Three were in the spirit land,
One imprisoned by foe's hand,
One in hospital lay stranded.

One lay three days without speaking,
Then Old Glory quickly seeking,
"I am an American!"
Shouted he again, again,
Grasping close the flag while sinking.

One lone comrade never fearing,
Sent this flag and begged while cheering
 That it be preserved in France,
 That in future years, perchance,
Boys be honored volunteering.

Quickly Paris tumults perish
When historic flag, boys cherish,
 On the fourth day of July,
 While Americans stand nigh,
Was there given France to nourish.

General Pershing near by standing,
With his staff around commanding,
 O'er the grave of hero dear,
 Shouted, "La Fayette we are here!"
While the soldiers were first landing.

You have read that from this greeting,
Homeland soldiers fast were meeting,
 Till two million Yankees brave
 Are upon French soil to save
Land from foe not yet retreating.

Each one dashes into trenches,
And the Allied struggle clenches,
 Quick uniting hand in hand,
 And go forth to save the land
From high crimes and vicious stenches.

While the airplanes were soaring
Sending bombs into earth boring,
While the cannons fiercely roar,
Into gas and fire and gore
Rushed the lads a triumph scoring.

Fiercely Yankee onward rushes,
Driving Huns through mud and slushes,
Into their last lone retreat,
With the victory complete
While the "Yank" the vile fiend crushes.

This great land was all commotion,
From the mountains to each ocean,
When our boys first started out
To destroy without a doubt
Foreign autocratic notion.

Each began a daily saving,
Thus a plan for food stuffs paving ;
They each day a morsel gave
And sent on across the wave
To save Europe's hunger cravings.

Mothers, English, French, Italians,
Formed into red cross battalions,
Making garments, knitting hose,
Gathering as committee goes,
Funds from even quaint medallions,.

Sisters from their home pavilions,
Nurse the wounded, nearly millions,
Everybody had a part
In this World War from the start,
Costing somewhere in the billions.

Brave Salvation Army stranger,
Like the Babe in lowly manger,
Knelt beside the wounded boy,
Whispering words of love and joy,
Bracing him for coming danger.

As the hurricane of treason,
Gathers volume for a season,
Industries far o'er the land
With their work on every hand
Manufactured with sane reason.

Blanket, cannon, shell and rifle,
Airplane, that nearly stifle,
All the other modes thus far,
Motor truck and service car,
Were brought forward in a trifle.

Then the latest great invention,
In the midst of war contention,
Is the one by Yankee skill,
Liberty Motor made to fill
Present needs for war suspension.

People everywhere awaken
With a confidence unshaken.

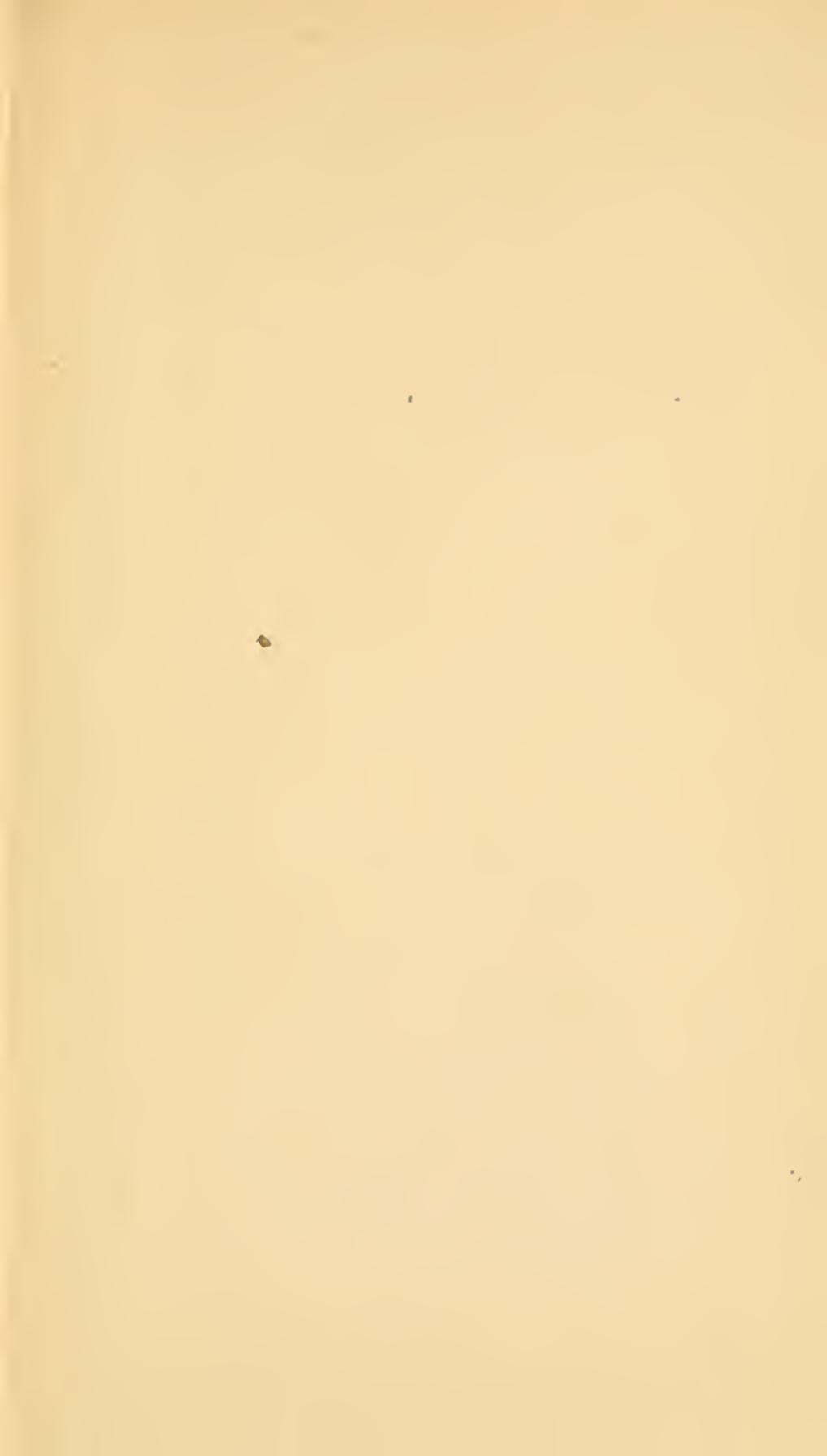
 Liberty loans are everywhere
 From the page to the millionaire,
One, two, three and four are taken.

Men and women pay with pleasure
Taxes higher from their treasures
 Than they ever did before,
 And they give ten times or more
To the funds for other measures.

Entire world began to wonder
Why this land had not gone under,
 When composed of every race
 That a mortal man might trace
From all clans in climes asunder.

But to the Americans able
Was no wonder in the fable,
 For the cradle Liberty
 Had rocked well a century
Foreigners with Yankees stable.

As the sheaf whose spears ne'er sever,
So America, one lever.
 Joined against the common foe
 And let all the nations know
Liberty Shall Reign Forever.



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